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Civil War in U. S. A.

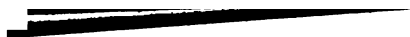
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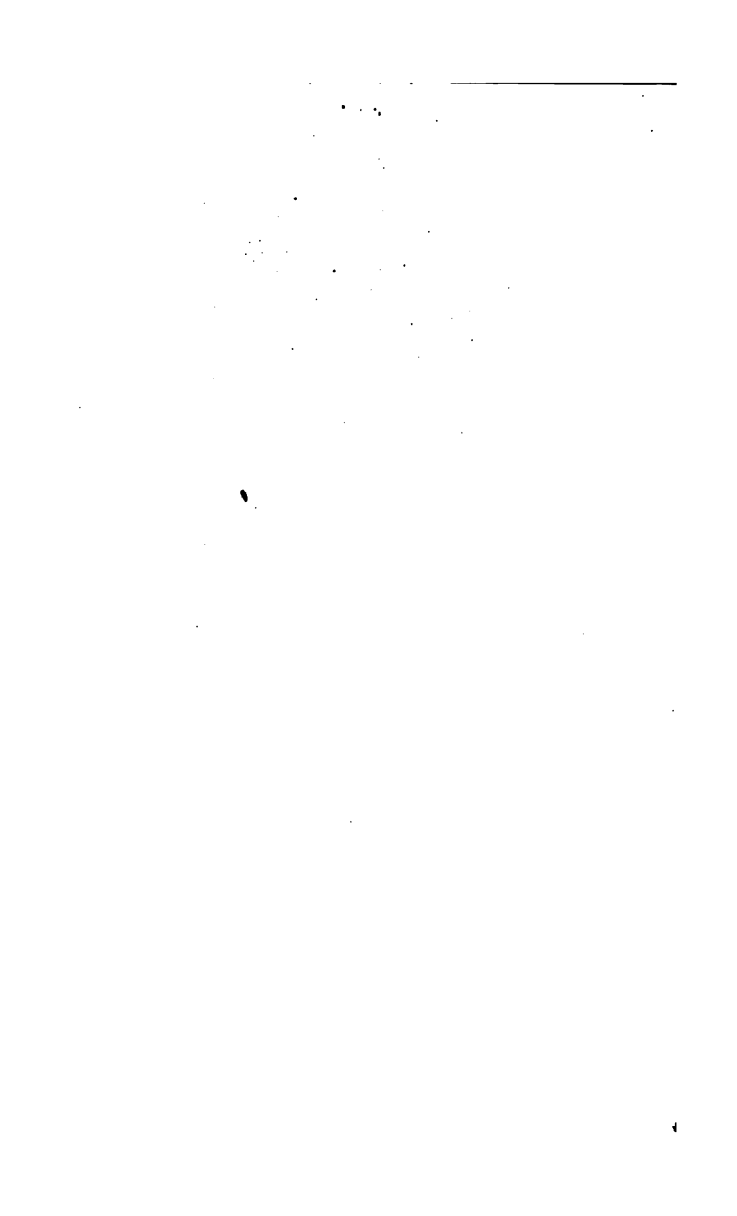
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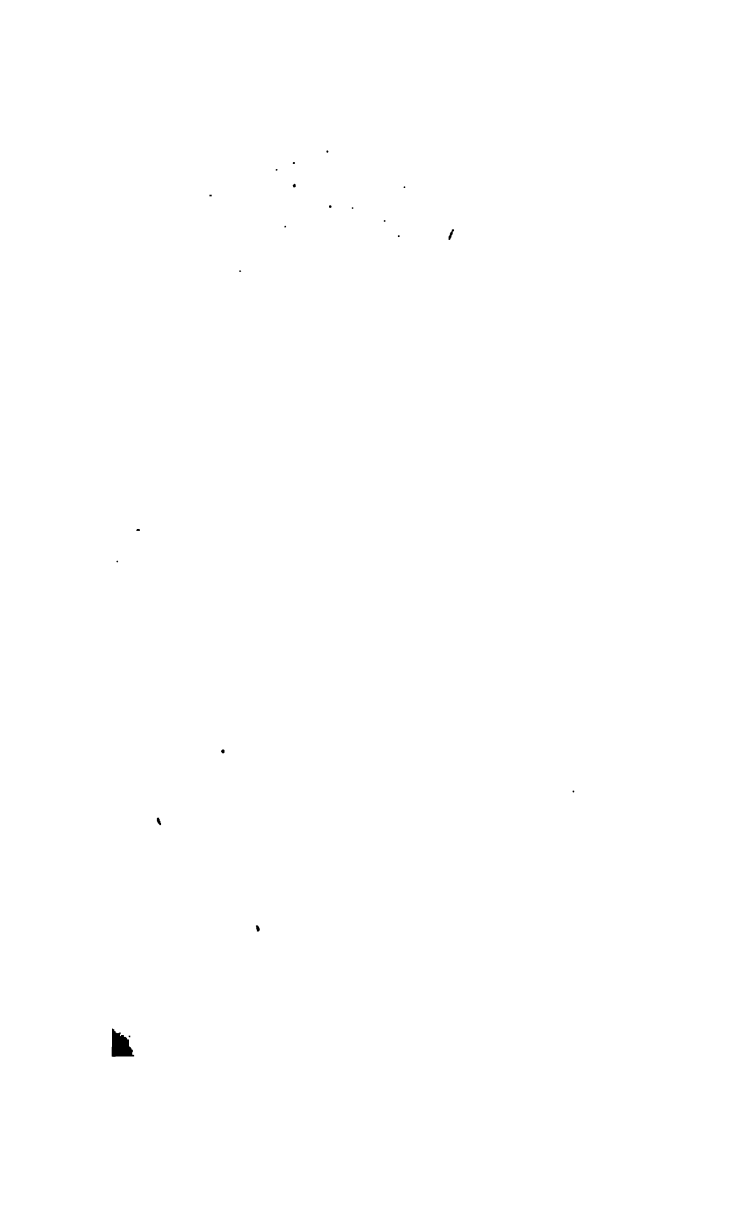
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NEW YORK.









A HOUSEHOLD STORY

OF THE

AMERICAN CONFLICT.

The Work of The Two Great Captains.

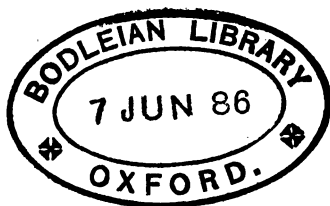
B'otted out!
All within and all without,
Shall a fresher life begin ;
Freer breathe the universe,
As its rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

[WHITTIER.]

By MARY S. ROBINSON.

NEW YORK:
N. TIBBALS & SON,
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1871.

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PREFACE.

"THE WORK OF THE TWO GREAT CAPTAINS" concludes the narrative which occupies the preceding books of this Series. This narrative comprises all the principal engagements and events of a war which covered by far the most perilous and momentous period of our national history, and which will be regarded with deep interest by the children's children of those who fought in it for Liberty and Union. To effect the purpose expressed in the first Volume, of giving an account suited to juvenile readers, of the memorable deeds of soldiers and civilians during that period; to preserve the best of the innumerable incidents and adventures furnished by our soldiers, it has been needful to cull with some discretion from the latest and best of our war-books, though at the cost of delay in the publication of the Series. Besides the authorities previously mentioned, scores of others have been referred to; and as a result of the survey, the author hopes that she has collected in these little volumes whatever is most valuable in this wide department of our literature. To our younger readers, it is especially interesting, as being truthful, and at the same time containing many elements of the adventurous and marvellous. It is also believed that the narrative of this modern crusade against caste, slavery, and other anti-Christian ideas, the retrospect of a time

in which patriotism, generosity, and the spirit of the noblest Christian virtues, pervaded the hearts of our loyal people, as if by a religious enthusiasm, cannot fail to produce strong, though perhaps indirect religious impressions on the young minds who may read these pages. This has assuredly been the purpose of the author, who believes moreover, that young people are more susceptible to such impressions when subjects of interest to them are invested with a religious atmosphere, rather than when an open, moralizing attempt is made to inculcate religious lessons. And in sending forth this simple record of a great national struggle, her earnest hope is that it may elevate and stimulate, as well as entertain, those for whom it is prepared.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAR SOUTH.

Bugle-calls of the Campaigns—The Red River Expedition—Sabine Cross-Roads—Pleasant Hill—"Spike your Guns!"—The Forced Recruit—The Withdrawal—Drunken Grey-backs attacking Iron-clads—A new dilemma—The Wonderful Dam—The Passage of the Fleet—Steele in Arkansas—Jenkins' Ferry—The Return to Little Rock—The Disaster at Olustee—The Iron-hearted Regiment.

p. 13

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT FAIRS.

A Journey to Long Island—Ærolites—The Wonders of the Fairs—Working for "the Sanitary" in the Metropolis—The Display at the Fair—The Remarkable Eagle and Mammoth Ox—A Representation of old Dutch Life—The Pictures and Indians—The Brooklyn Fair—The Cincinnati Broom—How they Live "down East"—The Result of the two Fairs—Maedy's Illness—The Children's Doctor—His Visits to the Little Patient—Convalescence—A Gipsy Camp in Poughkeepsie—The Skating Pond and Old Homestead—Silver Bricks—New England's Aid to Western Soldiers—The Fair of the Mississippi Valley—The Pictures of Closed Eyes—Rallying for the Commission in Pennsylvania—Marvels of Unanimity and Splendor—The Union Avenue of the "Great Central"—Curiosities of the Arms and Trophies—The Children's share of the Work—A Scene from Colonial Life—The Hall of Flowers, and what it was like—The Sailors' Fair—Boston and St. Paul—The Grand Total—A Birds'-nest Bank—The

Baltimore Brothers—The White Chicken—Our Western People—The Journey of the Flour Sack. p. 32

CHAPTER III.

THE WILDERNESS.

The Corps Commanders—Across the Rapidan—Entering the Wilderness—The Battle Within it—Songs at Night—Wadsworth—Longstreet—Fire and Slaughter—A Mutual Testing—The Yankee Chaplain and Rebel Soldier—The Daughter of the Regiment—Wadsworth's noble Character—The Miller and his Shoes—Grant's Dispatch—Spottsylvania—The Destruction of Trees—Fall of Sedgwick—Death of Rice—Sheridan Raiding—Heavy Losses of the Army. p. 73

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERLAND CAMPAIGN.

Making the Garden—Weeding out Secession—Incomprehensible Victories—Butler's Expedition—A Novel use of Telegraph Wire—The Chickahominy again—Grant's Obstinacy—Lee's Skill—Flanking—The Seizing of Brown—The Assault at Cold Harbor—"Continuous hammering." p. 90

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Richmond threatened from the South—Assault on the Works of Petersburg—Bounty Jumpers—The Heat and Drought—The Shelter of "Graves"—The Soldiers' Disregard of Death—Changing Horses—Burnside's Mine—The Explosion—Mismanagement of the Sequel—Seizure of the Weldon Railroad—Reams' Station—Daniel taken Prisoner—Affliction in the Household—A Raid upon Cattle—Work about Richmond—A Man lays

down his Life for a Comrade—Hatcher's Run—
Efforts to turn the Hostile Army—Losses of the
Campaign—Its Results—Affairs in the Confeder-
acy—A Kinsman's Opinion of Grant. p. 106

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOUNDED AND PRISONERS.

A Hard Sum—Roger's Help—Hospitals at Freder-
icksburg—Mrs. Lee—Death of Major Smith—
"Mother" Husband's Visit to the Wards—A
Prayer—The Exchanged Prisoners—Flashes of
the Ancient Fire—Religious Awakenings—Ser-
geant Armstrong—Blessedness of the Service. p. 130

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAIDERS, AND THE STORY OF "LITTLE PHIL."

The Rebels come Northward—Unwise disposal of
our Troops—Hunter's Career in Virginia—The
Alarm of the North—A Sympathiser badly served
—Gen. Lewis Wallace makes a Stand by the
Monocacy—Baltimore defended—The Rebels ar-
rive before the Capital—The Retreat—Renewed
Activity of the North—Treachery of the Enemy
at Chambersburg—His Conduct in and Destruc-
tion of the Town—A Captain shamed by a South-
ern Letter—The Mother's and Children's demean-
or before Traitors—Power of a Christian Woman
Policy of Lee—Punishment of Early—Sheridan
in the Valley—Opequan Creek—The Captain who
stopped the Retreat—The Triumph—The Desola-
tion of the Valley—Reasons for the Act—After
Early again—The Surprise at Cedar Creek—Story
of Sherman—Sheridan's Ride from Winchester—
The Rout turned into Victory—The Poet's Story
of the Ride. p. 144

CHAPTER VIII.

A RECORD OF NOBLE WOMEN—RAIDERS—THE SEA-COAST AND OCEAN.

Field Service—Bridget Divers' Work—Margaret Breckenridge, the Martyr—Her presence among the Men—Her Death—Miss Bradley on her rounds from "Camp Misery" through Washington—Her manifold Pursuits—She "Conquers" a Rebel—Surprise of a Lake Erie Steamboat—Forrest's Raid—His mode of warfare—The Atrocities of Port Pillow—Its Flag presented to its Defenders—Futile attempts to capture the Guerilla—Wheeler and Morgan—Hobson's Cowardice—Death of Morgan—The "Alabama" destroyed by the "Kearsarge"—The Conduct of William Gowin—Evil work of the Pirate-ship—Read in Portland Harbor—Admiral Farragut enters on the Bay Fight—Coffee instead of "grog"—The "Tecumseh" sunk by a Torpedo—The sharp struggle of an hour—The Onset of the Ram—The Melec—The Ram is Overpowered—Heroism of our Crews—Farragut declines an Interview with Buchanan—Thanksgivings—Surrender of the Forts—Lieut. Cushing's Exploit of blowing up the "Albemarle"—Rogers' Gallery. p. 171

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH THROUGH THE "CONFEDERACY."

The Western Soldiers busy—Horace with Sherman in Georgia—Gen. Johnston—Flanking his Army—Sherman's "Boys"—A Camp-fire Story—The Army Railroad—The Right and Left Wings—Sherman—His absence of Mind—Joke with Gen. Thomas—He corrects a Mistake—Posting a Battery—The Frightened Skulker—The Old Woman's "Protection Paper"—The Women of *Southern Rural Districts*—Sherman's Generals—

The Christian Howard—Buzzard's Roost—The First Engagement—Climbing the Ascent—Teddy's Experience—The Summit—Reading the Amnesty Proclamation to a Grey-back Audience—Fighting with Rocks—Flanking Begun—The Irishman's Reply—Dalton and Resaca—Kilpatrick worries the Butternut Troopers—Bearing on the Colors—After the Battle—Conduct of Veterans and Raw Recruits towards the Foe—A Difficult Journey—Robust Travelers—The Adventures of Three Men—The Pope and the Confederacy—Alatoona—Sweeny's Division—Cleburne's Grey-backs—Inside the Breaches—Sherman's Orders—Resuming the March.

p. 206

THE WORK OF *The Two Great Captains.*

CHAPTER I.

THE FAR SOUTH.

EARLY in the year 1864, the alarms of war resounded again from most of the rebellious States. The report of guns on widely separated fields, met and clashed like thunder clouds. The trampled soil of Virginia, the fields, the slopes and vales of West Virginia, and those of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, the coastline and ocean, were shaken with the uproar of the last and fiercest scenes of the great conflict; while, undisturbed by the tumult, Grant, the Lieutenant-General, held steadfastly to his original purpose, of using all his available troops at once; and, by "continuous hammering," if by no other method, of bringing the insurgents to submission, or breaking them into fragments. In the North, every loyal heart presaged the end of the

strife. By the discipline of war, the incapables of all ranks had been sifted from the efficient. Our leaders, Grant, Sherman, Farragut, and their associates, were tested and true men ; our ranks were filled with veterans ; our supplies were ample ; our Government strong ; and our people more than ever faithful in their allegiance to it. But the "new empire" of the South presented a terrible contrast to this state of prosperity.

All its departments betrayed signs of exhaustion and dissolution. Its men, heedless of the approaching doom, rushed, self-blinded and desperate, into the shock of battle, with no thought but to maintain a bold front to the last. Northward, the great war-cloud was thin and broken. Hopeful faces, glancing upward, saw rifts of sunlight, and felt the sweet airs of coming Peace. Southward, it settled darkly — luminous only with flames, thick with rolling smoke, — over blasted fields and ruined homes.

Among the grand movements announced in the spring campaign, was the Red River Expedition, which was expected to recover the whole south-western region, including Texas ; to destroy the rebel forces scattered through the country, and return with cotton enough to supply our *own* markets, and perhaps the foreign one also.

While this undertaking was still the main topic of public interest, the Warrens were rejoiced by a letter from Horace, whom the fortunes of war had borne to this remote region. He wrote :

“ON THE MISSISSIPPI, June 4th, 1864.

“I am just returned from the Red River, whither our Division was ordered to aid General Banks in his great expedition. We go back to our department rather crest-fallen ; for the results of this campaign, as compared with our successes under McPherson, Sherman, and Grant, are small indeed. We men of the ranks have our own way of regarding these great attempts ; and I often think we have as much common-sense in our opinions as some of the commanders. *We* think the job was begun wrong ; the teams didn't hitch together, nor were they guided by one controlling mind ; but Banks from the Atchafalaya, Steele from Arkansas, our General A. J. Smith from the Mississippi, and Porter's fleet, each acted for himself, and all set to work to accomplish one object ; whereas, we should all have been yoked together, and commanded by one leader.

“The children can tell, perhaps, without referring to the map, that the Red River flows diagonally through the north-west corner of Louisiana, in its course to the Mississippi. On its banks, far to the northward, they may find Shreveport, the destination of our journey. That town once reached, we could send detachments into any part of the south-west.

Well, we started for it, leaving the mouth of the Red River, in company with Porter's fleet, on March eleventh. Our first landing was at Simonsport, deserted by the rebels, who had betaken themselves to a stronghold called Fort de Russy, twenty-eight miles distant. Next morning, General Smith marched us thither,—delaying two hours to build a bridge on the way,—for what we call a “stiff fight” with the garrison; and before sun-down, had taken possession of the fort, with its trophies—ten guns, and nearly two hundred prisoners. Porter declared this affair to be ‘one of the best military moves of the war.’ As the fort was the only considerable defence on the shores of the river, it was natural Alexandria, an important town farther up, should be abandoned without resistance. But here our troubles began; for the water was so low that the vessels had all to be hauled up stream, at the cost of immense labor. The Red River, in common with the other rivers of the region, rises at this season; and, as the sole exception to the rule this year, we incline to believe the report that the enemy has closed the outlets of several large lakes which discharge into its waters. At Alexandria, part of our Division was recalled to guard the Mississippi; a garrison of three thousand was also retained to hold the town, now converted into a depot of supplies. Meantime, we heard that some of Banks’ men had fought their way to Natchitoches, eighty miles *above*. A hundred miles higher was Shreveport;

but between the two towns lay a host of twenty-five thousand rebels, furnished with seventy-six guns. Our fleet was tugged up to Grand Ecore, just beyond Nachtitoches ; and thence, owing to the low water, Porter could not proceed further, except with the lighter craft. But the men were eager for Shreveport. It was determined, therefore, to advance along the bank without the presence of our allies, the gunboats. On the fourth of April, we reached Sabine Cross Roads, and encountered the rebel 'army of the trans-Mississippi,' numbering about twenty thousand men, led by Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, and others of their like. We had a hard time. They were three or four to our one ; they had all the advantage of position, and easily flanked us on both sides, while the main force bore down upon the centre. Behind, the road of retreat was crowded with supply trains, which also prevented the Divisions from getting within supporting distance of each other. We were hemmed in by piece-meal, and surrounded by an overpowering force. The ranks seemed all at once to discern the situation ; for suddenly, like a stroke of lightning, a panic fell upon them. There was a rent in the line of battle, a rush, a cry, a crashing of trees, a falling of fences, and the sight of a host scattering in all directions, like herds of frightened cattle. Men cut the traces from the wagons, and escaped on horse-back. Once drawn within the human whirlpool, one must either be borne along with it, or go down

beneath it. Banks and his officers shouted, waved their hats, and implored the men to stop. The General drew his sabre, endeavoring to rally them by the power of his authority; but he might as well have tried to turn back the great river. Onward sped the rabble of a routed army; onward came the yelling rebels, preceded by the file-rasping noise of their musket-balls. The panic was like that of the first battle of Bull Run, as far as I can learn. These two are the only important ones that have occurred since the war began, if I remember rightly: let it be said to the credit of our soldiery. The finest troops are subject to them at times; and, when the evil spirit enters them, it must take its course,—there is no method known of driving it out.

“Three miles to the westward lies Pleasant Grove, whither our General (Emory), upon hearing of the disaster, had ranged his command in line of battle. As the fugitives came up, the line opened to let them through and closed again, like a stone gate in the wall of a fort. When the pursuers came up, an aptly-timed volley of balls met them just in front of the line, and a row of men lay dead before it. The enemy rallied again and again to the assault, but could not prevail against Emory’s steadfast line. It saved the army, and perhaps the fleet, from utter destruction.

“The panic-stricken throng being more assured, now that it was protected by a living rampart,

re-formed, and, by Banks' orders, retreated further westward to Pleasant Hill, whither our General (Smith) had repaired with an addition to his force, making it about fifteen thousand. The rebels, at least twenty-two thousand strong, followed more cautiously now than before, and attacked us on the ninth. Shaw's brigade, of our corps, held the front, and bore the brunt of the first charge, which was made by cavalry. Word was passed down the line, 'Reserve your fire till they come within thirty yards, and then give it to them!' Thus, while the troopers galloped forward, each man selected his mark; and when but thirty yards lay between the two bodies, the saddles were emptied as swiftly as if the order had been given to dismount. Soldiers' work was surely never done more accurately or speedily. Not more than ten of the Texans who went into the charge escaped the balls of the brigade. Equally creditable was the defence, later, of a Vermont battery, by Capt. Burchard and his gunners. When the day was going hard with us, Banks rode toward him, exclaiming, 'Captain, your battery will probably be taken; spike your guns,' 'This battery is neither to be taken nor spiked!' called back the Captain. 'Give them double cannister, boys!' Three times the enemy bore down upon the guns; but, at the third, such a storm of iron hail poured upon them, that every man within range was killed. The Captain made good his word: the battery is still doing gallant service.

"The Grey-backs, after the failure of their opening assault, changed their tactics, advancing obliquely in two columns on our left centre. For a time they succeeded in crowding back the lines, until they came near our position. The reserve, under General Smith, and covered by a hill, watched them silently, as they approached the mouth of our cannon; then, in an instant, a long line of flame leaped before their eyes, followed by a crashing as of numberless thunderbolts, mingled with the ~~rasping~~ of our balls. They were blinded, deafened, stunned. Before the echoes had died away, his trumpet-voice calling 'forward!' rang in the ears of seven thousand eager men. We swept them in front and flank; we wrested guns, caissons, horses, prisoners, from their doubtful grasp. The troops that had but lately suffered repulse rushed forward with us, and followed hard upon their late pursuers till night-fall.

"As we of the army of the Mississippi had stayed the rebel advance, Banks was naturally extremely grateful to our General, and well he might be; for our Division had been well-nigh destroyed in this close struggle. When the two Captains met, Banks is reported to have exclaimed, 'General Smith, you have saved my army!' 'I know it, sir,' answered the veteran, gruffly, adding an ejaculation; for he is out of humor with Banks, and all the other separate commanders of this campaign.

"One of Dick Taylor's men, captured in this battle, *was* a Unionist—a humble, noble Indianaman.

'How came you to be in a Texas regiment?' asked an officer of him. 'Pressed in, sir,' was the answer. 'Why didn't you run away before you were conscripted?' 'Tried to; but they caught me. They hunted me with dogs, sir. When they put me in the ranks, I told them I would do my common duty, but that I would never lift my musket against a Union soldier. In the battle, I was sent out to skirmish on the left, and I know where every ball struck that I fired,—in the trees, sir; and the Indiana boys from my own State firing at me, like men possessed. Three times I came within an inch of being killed; but now, thank the Lord, I'm all right. You couldn't give me a little coffee, could you?' Think of this true-hearted man firing his own shot into the trees, lest they should harm his brethren, and awaiting, passive but faithful, a dishonorable death at their hands. Would that all loyal Southerners were as noble.

"Of course, after a triumph which retrieved as well as anything could the panic at the Cross Roads, we were all eager for immediate advance—all but Banks. He plead the shattered condition of the several corps—for we had lost almost four thousand men in these engagements—and our other disabilities; yet, in view of the expense of outfit and the sacrifice of battle, we turned back, with faces burning with shame. After winning an absolute victory, to retire, leaving the fame of success with the enemy, and relinquishing our right to the land, was bitter

indeed. Better that men and ships had perished in this dreary place, than that we should return with drooping banners, yielding our purpose because of the obstacles in the way,—was the sentiment echoed up and down the ranks. Could the General have foreseen the difficulties attendant on the retreat, he would doubtless have chosen to advance, as we chose without foreseeing them. While we had been fighting, the fleet had been working its way northward; but, on hearing of our disaster at the Cross Roads, the Admiral also retraced his course. On the way down, he was attacked by a troop of drunken greybacks, led by a General Green, who had taken part in the first day's fight with us, and who seemed to be deluded by the fancy that iron-clads could be taken by infantry charges. Five hundred of the men, including the General, whose head was blown off, were slain ere their mad purpose was given over, and the remainder fled. It was easy to explain their hootings and gestures, when, upon inspection, the bodies of those departed rebels were found to smell rankly of Louisiana rum, as if saturated with it.

“If the passage of the ships up the river was toilsome, their return downward was still more so. The crews were worn out with towing, hauling guns in and out, and pulling at vessels aground. The enemy, too, having failed to destroy the army, planted their batteries along the banks, hoping thereby to *demolish* our vessels. One boat, the Eastport, ran

hopelessly aground, and was blown up. One or two smaller ones were lost, and many were damaged by the batteries. After incredible labors on the part of the crews, the remaining vessels were brought to Alexandria, whither the larger ones had remained during our journey beyond. Here a new obstacle presented itself—one that could not possibly be surmounted, as we thought. At this point the river's course, for over a mile, is broken by rapids and falls, and impeded by groups of large rocks; and over this perilous way the vessels must descend in their return to the Mississippi. The low state of the river increased the dangers of the passage. It was, therefore, with reason that the Admiral feared for the safety of the fleet, which, if unable to pass the falls, must be destroyed; otherwise, it would be used against us by the rebels. The fleet gone, our forces would be left a prey to the common foe, in a desolate region, remote from all aid, and the loss of the Mississippi would follow as a natural consequence. While we were pondering a fate that seemed inevitable, one man announced to the perplexed commander his ability to save us from the direful emergency. Lieut.-Col. Bailey, Engineer of the Nineteenth Corps, proposed to build a number of dams across the rocks, just below the falls, and promised by this means to raise the water high enough for the ships to pass over in safety. The project seemed a mad one; for provisions were low, forage was gone, and, in ten days, our Division would be recalled to

the Mississippi. But if it failed, we should be in no worse plight than that in which we were already. Banks, therefore, gave it his sanction. Entering with zest into the work, for eight days and nights, beginning with April 30th, it is said he scarcely slept at all. It was, indeed, a most exciting and wonderful performance. Every one declared the building of the dams to be an utter impossibility, except by long continued labor; yet all worked as if they believed some miraculous good-fortune would speedily reward us. By a private contract, the work could not have been completed within a year; but here were regiments of Maine lumbermen felling trees; yonder were busy swarms opening quarries; teams moved in all directions; the Yankee was in his natural element—work. And thus by the efforts of these thousand pairs of hands, all directed by one sagacious head, the dams were begun and finished within nine days. They were built in a current running about ten miles an hour, and consisted of piles of heavy trees, brush, brick, rocks, and sunken barges filled with stone. From the opposite bank, cribs, also laden with stone, were thrown out towards the barges. Already the water was high enough to admit the passage of the lighter boats, and on the 10th of May the whole fleet was to pass over. But on the ninth, the powerful current bore two of the stone-laden barges from their place; and the Admiral, fearing further damage to the dams, ordered four of the vessels over without delay. The

Lexington headed the procession. She passed the falls, steered with full head of steam for the opening in the dam, through which the water, rushing furiously, threatened to bear her to certain destruction. Thousands of eager eyes watched her from the shore. As she approached the edge, one could have heard a pin fall; we held our breath; she pitched down the abyss, rolled spasmodically in the foam below, and then, the ordeal passed, swept calmly into the deep water, and rounded toward the bank; while thirty thousand voices rose in one glad, gratified shout at her safety. How proud must Col. Bailey have been at the sight and the sound!

"The next boat, the Neosho, we thought, for a moment, was gone; for, on nearing the plunge, her pilot lost heart, and turned off steam; consequently, after going over, she went under water. However, she came up, somewhat the worse for her submersion, and moved to her place by the Lexington. The Hindman and Osage made the descent 'beautifully,' as the throng of spectators declared; and immediately we set to work to prepare for the passage of the heavier boats. We had toiled, with but slight intervals for rest, during nine days and nights, often standing up to the neck in water, often with the sun beating on our heads till the brain seemed boiling inside; yet we all worked with good-will and humor, and, after our assured success, were ready for three days of continued labor. By the twelfth, a series of wing-dams had raised the water still higher;

and the large boats, their latches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident, all passed the opening in safety, each in its turn saluted with cheers from the troops as it rose to the surface and rode upon the current. By the afternoon of the next day, they were in trim for the journey, and were steaming toward the Mississippi, from which a providential rise of backwater enabled them to pass the sand-bars at the mouth of the Red, without delay.

“Col. Bailey is now and henceforth the hero of this expedition. Such a task as his, was certainly never attempted before—the safe transport of an iron-clad fleet over falls in a river, at low water. The Admiral calls it the finest engineering task ever performed—a new feature in the war; and affirms that, ‘there never was a case in which such difficulties were overcome in so short a time, and without any preparation;’—not too much praise from the Commander to the deliverer of the fleet. The actual cost of the vessels was about two million of dollars; but this loss would have been slight, compared with the moral effect of the destruction of the ships and the triumph of the rebels over the catastrophe. Col. Bailey’s dam has, for aught I know, saved not the fleet only, but our armies of the South-west, and the Mississippi River from a second seizure by the Confederacy.

“Thus much, at least, the expedition has taught *us*: that Northern men can grapple with obstacles

hitherto supposed insurmountable, and master them. For no sane man, seeing what we had to do at Alexandria, would have believed its performance possible, till Col. Bailey proved it to be so.

"Banks' army retired to the Atchafalaya, which, at Simmsport, their place of crossing, is six hundred yards wide. No building materials being at hand, Col. Bailey directed the construction of a bridge made of steamboats, which was quickly completed, affording safe passage for troops and wagon-trains. Banks has returned to New Orleans; Gen. Canby succeeds him in command of the department; and our Division is returning to join the main army of the Mississippi.

"I have not mentioned Gen. Steele's part in the proposed expedition. He was to the northward, in Arkansas, and was to join our forces, at Shreveport. Contending with bad weather and worse roads, he pushed onward, till met by Sterling Price, at Prairie d'Anne. The rebel was defeated in the encounter, and retired with his followers to the south-western part of the State. But the rumors of our reverse at the Cross Roads being confirmed, the enemy renewed his attacks on the advancing column, seizing its trains, shooting officers in cold blood, capturing prisoners, who were compelled to march fifty miles without food or rest to the prison-camp in Texas. Steele finally turned back; but, arriving at Jenkins' Ferry, a crossing of the Saline River, he was surprised by Kirby Smith, commanding a large rebel

force. Our Union boys had been working all night at laying pontoons in the rain and mud ; they had eaten nothing since the day before. Moreover, the battle-ground was a deep mire, alike unfavorable to both parties. Three separate attacks, each made with fresh Divisions, failed to dislodge our Western men at the front. Later, when the right was threatened, Illinois and Iowa men plunged, shouting, into a swollen creek and drove the Grey-backs from their position. The last assault was made upon the left, whose line of battle was broken for a time ; but four Iowa companies, led by Col. Garret, restored it, despite a terrific fire, and continued to hold it firm till the rebels withdrew, after a loss of twenty-three hundred men, including three Generals, to our loss of seven hundred. Steele's command was almost famished ; the horses were quite so, being unable to draw the wagons, which were therefore all destroyed. As the wearied, forlorn column approached Little Rock, which it had left so proudly but a few weeks before, supply wagons were sent to meet them, from which abundance of hard tack was thrown to the men ; the latter scrambling for it in the mud, and devouring it with the voracity of wild beasts. Such was the end of Gen. Steele's part in the Red River Expedition. The combined attempt has been an utter failure, for the reasons I have already mentioned ; yet, battles like Pleasant Hill and Jenkins' Ferry, and the construction of Bailey's dams, prove that the material of the army was not

at fault. The restoration of that country is, however, only deferred, not abandoned. We shall have it ere long; and then I shall return to celebrate, with you, the triumph of the Union arms. God speed the day.

"Yours ever,

"HORACE."

"The Red River Expedition is not the first of the year that has failed," said the Father, later, when the children were reading over Horace's letter, Roger being particularly interested in the passage of the ships through the dam. "Our disasters in the far South began as early as February, when Seymour withdrew from Florida, after his reverse at Olustee. That State was lost to us, like Louisiana and Texas afterward, by bad management."

"We have almost always been unfortunate in Florida," added Frank, "except at Pensacola and Jacksonville. I don't remember any important success there since the war began. But who is this Seymour you spoke of? We have never heard of him."

"An excellent General to fight, but a poor one to plan or direct. His army of six thousand men was in admirable condition and spirit; yet, beyond the destruction of about two million dollars' worth of property, it accomplished

nothing under his command. As soon as General Gillmore, who accompanied the expedition to a point beyond Jacksonville, left it and returned northward, Seymour, disregarding his orders, began a march, without supplies, in the desolate wastes of Northern Florida, whither he might expect any day to encounter all the rebels that could be collected and despatched by rail from that State and Alabama. In the very outset of the adventure, his advance was surprised at Olustee by a superior rebel force in ambush, hidden by a cypress-swamp and pine-forest, and protected by a pond. Our men, hungry and faint after a march of eighteen miles through the swamps, fell into the trap laid for them. Their guns, pushed to the edge of the woods that covered the Grey-backs, were unserviceable, because the gunners were immediately shot down. The infantry, heedlessly ordered forward to the same position, fell at the rate of two men a minute. The loss in colonels and other regimental officers, was very great. At the last, when the troops were about to be overwhelmed or routed by a grand charge of the foe, two black regiments—one of them the 54th Massachusetts, the same that was led by Shaw to the assault upon Wagner—went for-

ward, and put themselves as a breakwater against the rebel tide that came in like a flood. Meantime, our guns were planted further to the rear, our shattered regiments gathered together, and the retreat begun. It was made deliberately, without pursuit. The black men had rescued their white comrades from panic or destruction. Yet the field was not lost for lack of good fighting; for every one stood or fell in his place right manfully during the three hours of slaughter. The 115th New York, known as the Iron-hearted Regiment, lost half its number; and, when finally ordered back, the remainder, black with powder and smoke, could with difficulty move their stiffened bodies from the ground they had held during the whole strife. 'Are those men made of stone?' asked an officer, as he observed their steadfastness when attacked. 'They neither flinch nor fall; they can't be simple flesh and blood.' 'The 115th is the best regiment I ever saw under fire.' The army withdrew, leaving some of its fifteen hundred disabled men a prey to the rebels and vultures; and the restoration of Florida was abandoned."

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT FAIRS.

BEFORE the tidings from Horace had arrived, while the fields were still frost-bound and the streams lay silent, locked beneath their icy shutters, Mrs. Warren received a letter from an old friend, whose rural home was upon Long Island, within a few miles of Brooklyn. In the letter, allusion was made to a wonderful Fair then open in that city, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and to the zealous spirit with which the good Islanders had made their contributions to it—a spirit as ardent as that which had inspired the country during the great arousing of 1861. An earnest invitation for the family to visit the lady, Mrs. Van Osten, was received with acclamation by the children; but the mother, occupied at the time with domestic affairs, and the filling of a box which the Fairbrook Aid Society were about to send to the Commission, could not leave home. Later, however, when the invitation was renewed, and the fortnightly vacation from school had begun, she was persuaded to go; and, after due preparation, leaving *Mr. Warren* and Frank to the care of her

house-maid, German Lisbeth, she set forth on her journey, with Roger as escort, and Maedy as traveling companion. The children were in a joyous state of excitement at the bare anticipation of the surprises and novelties awaiting them.

"Won't we see all the wonders!" exclaimed Roger, as the cars whirled them towards the great city. "Mother will take us to the menagerie, and to the Fair, the Metapolyglott, or what do they call it? and if what they say is true, it's pretty nearly up to the Expositions they have in London and Paris. Universal ones, those are; though, except our own little globe, I never heard of any of the planets sending specimens of their wares. Only suppose they did! Fire-wood, say, from the sun; silver from the moon; the latest style of hats from Jupiter. Jeeo-rium, wouldn't there be a rush to see them!"

"Some objects have journeyed from the skies to our earth," said Mrs. Warren smiling. "The learned men call them meteoric showers, or ærolites, from their passing through the air. Perhaps we shall see some in the Museum, or in the Curiosity Shop of the Metropolitan Fair."

If the visit was exciting in forethought, what shall be said of the delights crowded into the

week which it absorbed? From their quiet entrance into the plastered Dutch mansion, all gable-ends, roof, and piazza, as Roger described it afterward to Frank,—their first climbing to the tiny dormer windows, whose out-look was glorious upon the Bay, the Forts, the stately ships and swift-plying steamboats, the sea-gulls wheeling and gleaming in the sun-light,—to the hour of return, Roger's mind was in a suppressed state of wonderment and curiosity, which he did not care to betray, though it was evinced in the comments he was continually making upon the novelties about him.

“What bunkum folks the old Dutchers were to build such a house!” he remarked, after rambling over it, with the young Van Ostens. “I guess they liked solid things—because in their own homes the water, you know, is always sliding in under the dykes, and slipping off with a bank or a wall. But this is like the house in the parable. The winds and waves might beat on it ever so long, and not find a crevice; and there are beams enough in it to build half a dozen such houses as we have in Fairbrook. Were the Dutchers like the Japanese, though—doing everything backward? or did they turn *the houses inside out* when they had them fin-

ished and dried? for all the plaster is outside, and all the wood inside." The aspect of the old, well-tilled farm was not less striking. "The ground is fine as meal, and flat as a pancake," he remarked. "But don't you ever have any hollows to fill up? haven't you any hills in this country? What do you do for coasting in winter?" His young friends did not understand coasting; but they explained that their sleds ran easily over the level ground, or upon the pond where they skated. "What a work it must have been to put in all these hedges and fences, and carry away all the stones," he observed, later, to Maedy. "I haven't seen a stone on the place as big as my fist."

"Then there are no fields to clear, nor walks to build; yet the work may not have been so great after all," suggested Maedy.

But Roger was slow to believe that a farm could be brought under cultivation without field-clearing and wall-building. On their way to the New York Fair, the party rode in a street-car drawn by a small engine, whose progress the boy watched with the greatest attention. "What did Mrs. Van Osten call it—a dummy?" he asked of his mother when they alighted. "They ought to give it a better name; for it's a

the fastest, jolliest little machine that ever went on wheels. To see it scampering up and down hill, turning the zig-zag corners, made me think of Fan, the colt, full of antics, but kind in harness."

Arrived at the main building of the Fair, the children were eager to go through every department at once; but they could not have seen them all in a day; for as a daisy that finds lodgement in a field, is soon surrounded by countless flowers like itself, so the Hospital Flag at head-quarters in 14th Street, was only the first of many similar banners, waving from various quarters of the city, over public buildings, schools, private art-galleries and parlors, all of them divisions of the great work which the metropolis was doing for the Commission. Every class of people, from the princely merchant to the dwellers in garrets, whose contributions were in pennies, gave as they had ability. From the counting-houses and banks—from the ferry, stage, and car companies—came dollars by the thousand and tens of thousands; from the ware-houses, bales of goods; from the markets, provisions by the ton; from the jewelers, gold and gems; from the publishers, books and finest stationery; from the artists, pic-

tures and statues ;—from every department of labor, quantities of goods after its kind. The Fair was a vast mart, wherein one could buy at wholesale or retail any article, from a doll's collar to a cargo of coal. In the great hall of the main building, stood large out-of-town tables, from adjacent counties, the Eastern States, and Ohio. There were rare gifts from beyond the seas—from Italy, Switzerland, Russia ; from remote Asia ; tokens from the absent children of the Republic, who sent thus greeting and aid to the sons who had suffered for it. Mrs. Warren and her hostess lingered at the Roman department, filled with objects of art and luxury, that had been supplied mainly by the exertions and purse of one lady. They were charmed in the sewing-machine room, at the number and variety of these household treasures, working at stitching, embroidery and button-holes.

Maedy, by paying for a vote, cast one, inscribing it with her own hand in a book ; the question at issue was who among several candidates, should be the bearer of an eagle—not a bald one, nor ever likely to be such, since he was made entirely of hair, and that of a very distinguished kind, consisting of locks from many of the wisest and most revered heads in

the nation. Of exquisite workmanship, he was one of the great attractions of the exhibition. The child was fairly dazzled at the magnificence of the array before her. The Fair was one long series of bazaars, containing all manner of lovely, or gorgeous, or curious things. In the Curiosity Shop, each object seemed more remarkable than the one preceding it. When Roger asked which of them all she would choose for her own, she could not decide between an elaborate carving done in bone, by a soldier, and a number of relics of the Revolution. Roger longed for more time to see the machinery, the wonderful new inventions; to examine the suits of armor, the Confederate flags, and the curious weapons among the arms and trophies. Yet, after all, nothing gave him more delight than the cattle-show, of which the chief glory was an ox, weighing four thousand pounds, whose form, looming in the distance, looked like an elephant, or a "side-hill," said the children.

"How big was he when he was a small calf?" asked Roger, with a merry eye. "I can make a good problem for Frank out of that, for he is in Geometric Progression, bothering his brains *with inverted series*, and what-not."

But before the keeper could give him a satisfactory answer, the party were moving toward the Knickerbocker Kitchen, in which nothing was wanting, save the ancient vrows and Mynheers, to show the home-life of New Amsterdam, two hundred years ago. Here, upon antique dishes, they ate an antique though freshly cooked dinner, crowned by a dessert of oly-koeks, besides which the modern kruller is pale and tasteless. These were wonderful sights indeed; but what the children remembered longest, when the other sights remained but as a confused picture of innumerable objects, was reserved to the last. In the Art Gallery, they had seen a large and splendid picture of the Rocky Mountains, which attracted a constant crowd of gazers about it. In the foreground was painted an encampment of Shoshone Indians; and down stairs, in a room hung with buffalo skins, garnished like one of these same wigwams, was a group of real Shoshone men and women, in their native costumes, dancing their war, hunting, and harvest dances—in fine, transplanting, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, their wild life of the plains to the great metropolis of the East. From regions two thousand miles distant, scarcely known as yet

to the white man, they had been brought to the great Fair, which was to help the suffering soldiers of our armies. They came forth in their blankets and plumes, talked in their own barbaric tongue, uttered their strange whoops, and went through the labors and diversions which occupied them at home. When, at the close of the exhibition, they came down from the platform to sell their wares among the audience, Maedy, with the recollection of the late Indian war fresh in her memory, regarded them with a distrust not devoid of fear. But as they were of a peaceful tribe, and one was remarkably fat and jolly, Roger asked them all manner of Yankee-like questions, and spent his remaining pocket money upon a bow and arrow for Frank.

"I wish you could have seen our Brooklyn Fair also," said Mrs. Van Osten, when, in the evening, her guests were recalling some of the wonders they had seen. "It was not so grand as the Metropolitan, yet nothing of the kind could be more beautiful than the main hall by gas-light. Moreover, we had so many pretty, ingenious contrivances for delighting the eyes and opening the purses—I couldn't possibly recount *them all*. One, for instance, was the Old Wo-

man who lived in a Shoe. She was the admiration of a continual throng of little people, and was herself nothing less than a very young lady, who, donning a mob-cap and spectacles, knit her stocking, and presided solely over a large family of dolls, who peeped over the shoe buckle, or clung to the outside of their homestead, till borne away by purchasers, when their place was filled by new-comers. We had also a daily paper, called the 'Drum-Beat,' which was profitable both to its readers and the Fair."

Brooklyn had indeed astonished herself, and stirred the ambition of New York, by the result of her own independent exertions. Cincinnati having in the previous autumn held a great Western Fair, which poured nearly a quarter of a million dollars into the Commission Treasury, forthwith sent a large broom to Brooklyn, indicating thereby the clean sweeping that had collected so huge a pile of greenbacks. Brooklyn accepted the hinted counsel, and set herself to work to surpass the Queen City, by pouring half a million on top of her quarter. She made her own broom, and swept most diligently. Her elegant Academy of Music, connected by bridges to adjacent buildings, hung with ban-

ners and gorgeous fabrics, was decorated still more richly by an array of flowers; while music floating through the alcoves and balconies, up toward the draped roof, added its enchantments to the scene. Surrounded by splendid colors, heavy odors, delicious sounds, one could well fancy himself transported to the palace of Bagdad, in the magical time of good Haroun Alraschid. It was unnecessary, however, to send the fancy so far as the Orient; for a depicting of life in that famous region known as "down East," was quite as comfortable in its plain way, and could be seen without any effort of the imagination. The New England kitchen, whose furniture was a century old, one of whose chairs had been buried to hide it from the red-coats, whose tall clock was scarred in the face by a British bullet, though it ticked with measured stateliness, and wore an added dignity from the trials it had experienced—this kitchen was perhaps the greatest "success" of the whole Fair. Puritan Bibles lay on the shelves; ancient profiles, cut in paper, overlaying black silk, hung on the walls. The table laden with the plain but bountiful New England dishes—pork and beans, brown bread, moist and light; pumpkin pies, in which the pumpkin had small

share of recognition among other savory ingredients—all stood mutely tempting the visitors to a delicious, old-fashioned dinner. Placid old dames, with remarkable cheeks and eyes, considering their apparent age, sat by the fire-place in scanty stuff gowns and kerchiefs, plying the spinning-wheel or knitting-needle, and talking with equal industry. These thrifty house-wives, engaged to-day with a quilting-party, to-morrow with an apple-bee or a donation visit, were all present as guests at a New England wedding, resplendent with lofty tortoise-shell combs, and brocade gowns.


The Brooklyn Fair, like its successor in New York, had a large Restaurant department, in which the provisions daily consumed were more than those used in the largest eating establishments; yet hundreds of people, turning aside from the modern bill of fare, resorted to this kitchen, to gratify at once their appetite and curiosity.

When the amount resulting from the two Fairs was made public—half a million from Brooklyn, and one million one hundred thousand from New York—the children could easily believe what their mother affirmed: that in the history of the country, these vast exhibitions of

a people's industry and patriotism will have place as the grandest yet made for any philanthropic purpose.

There was a great deal to tell Papa and Frank for months after this remarkable visit was concluded. As either Maedy or Roger was continually breaking out afresh with a description of the ærolites (which they saw) or some other extraordinary objects, Frank at last declared that they must have seen everything of importance under the sun; to which Maedy replied, that she had never imagined the number of things that were beneath that great orb, until she had seen the Metropolitan Fair.

It happened, later in the year, that the little girl came home early from school one day, with languid, lustrous eyes, circled by dark margins, and a dull pain in her head, extending to the neck and limbs. The pain and a sense of weariness had disinclined her to study, so the teacher observing her flushed cheeks and hot little hands, had excused her from farther attendance for the day. Next morning, after a disturbed night, she tried to rise, but the bureau and other furniture whirled so fast, that she was in danger of being knocked down. When her mother came early to the bedside, Maedy's hands were mov-



ing restively, as if searching for something in the blankets; her eyes were but half-closed, and she was talking as one in a dream. "Such a trouble! I could not find the page—there was a pain in the way. What, Mamma! Did you call me?" gazing fixedly at her mother, and sinking again into the stupor. "A few cents worth of sleep; wait till—till—this flat-iron tumbles off my eyes!"

The mother's aptitude for nursing was immediately brought into service. She made the child as comfortable as was possible, and sent Frank for Doctor Pulsfer.

Had a vote been cast among the little people of Fairbrook, as to who was the very "nicest man" in town, they would have declared unanimously in favor of Doctor Pulsfer, since every one of them belonged on the list of the good man's particular friends. Having no children to disturb the orderliness of his own house, he must needs borrow other people's children whenever he could get them. Was a boy or a girl going his way on the road, he or she was sure to be invited to, and to accept, a seat in the Doctor's buggy; and not seldom did that well-known vehicle appear in Main-street with an appendage of urchins such as any other respect-

able carriage would have been ashamed of, and would not have endured for a moment. But if some envious youngster called "Cut behind!" the Doctor, looking neither to the right nor left, would wear a serious, meditative air, as of pondering one of his gravest cases, until he reached a comparatively retired spot, when, if the boys behind glanced up to the little glass inserted in the back of the carriage, they might discern the Doctor's silver locks and merry eyes bobbing at them, as if to say, "All right, my lads; ride while you may. Keep off the working, trudging days as long as you can." His pills were all sugar-coated; his tinctures flavored with cinnamon. To those of his youthful patients who were not gravely ill, he prescribed a gum-drop after each dose. There was even a rumor current among the grown people (it was susceptible of proof among the children), that, injurious as candy was declared for the health by all sensible papas and mammas, this heretic of a Doctor carried a pocketfull, which he dispensed to any child well enough to want it. When, occasionally, some vigorous maiden aunt questioned him directly on the matter, he would reply in all seriousness, though with a twinkle in his eye that would be suspicious, were it not habitual,

somewhat as follows : "I have found, my dear madam, after thirty year's practice, largely among the little people, that an occasional burnt-almond, or checkerberry-drop, is a good corrective of the bile ; a small piece of barley candy will often relieve that hoarseness and gruffness of voice so disturbing to parents, by soothing the temper and membranes of the throat. These remedies, simple as they are, will often prevent the breaking out of bad humors about the mouth ; and, in fits of crying, or any other symptom of nervous irritation, a maple-sugar heart has often procured relief more speedily than a dose of paragoric." As he interlarded his discourse with medical terms, the worthy questioner generally came to the conclusion that the Doctor understood his business, and could bring a child safely through the measles, or whooping cough, whether he talked in earnest or not.

When the doctor pressed his large, smooth fingers on Maedy's wrist, and heard Mrs. Warren's report, his kind face looked grave. Giving his directions regarding the treatment and medicine to be administered, he added in a voice that fell the more soothingly on Maedy's ear because he talked of her, rather than to her,

"My dear little friend is very good—very gentle, indeed. I know her well; and, before long, I hope she will take a drive with me into the country. She will have patience till then, I am sure. By the way, my Passion-Flower is in bloom. I think she never saw it when the flowers were out. I must bring her some to-morrow; and Mrs. Pulsfer wishes to send her a home-made orange—one that grew in our own greenhouse. My little friend shall have them both to-morrow."

It was a case of typhoid fever, he told Mrs. Warren, on leaving the room. For two or three weeks to come, Maedy would need the utmost care and quiet, and afterward care to ward off a relapse. It was a weary time for the child, despite the loving forethought that supplied all her needs and fancies, and the kindness of the child-loving Doctor, who came bearing the medicine-case in one hand and a radiant gladiolus in the other. Now, after a gentle, cheerful word, he departed, leaving the aroma of a tea-rose to recall his presence; now a live camelia, or a delicate trail of the blue nemophila lay on the coverlet, as a feast for her eyes. They would please her for a time, unless the fever was very bad—at best, only for a time; but she came to

regard his visit as the one thing pleasant to expect in the day. If Mrs. Warren thanked him—overmuch, as he thought—for such favors, he would reply, “My dear madam, you remember the wise man’s words, ‘A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine,’—I think it must be in the original. If I can bring a smile to a patient’s face, I always have hope of the case. And, bless us, dear madam; when a child lies burning with fever, if the trifle of a few flowers can beguile her for a moment—if we can make the poor little faces brighten, which, do you think, is the happier, dear madam, they or I?” Whereupon the Doctor blew his nose vigorously and flaunted his handkerchief, as orators do when they sit down at the conclusion of their speech, and have left nothing to be asked or answered. The crisis of the fever was followed by days of langour and tedium very hard to endure. Roger, in his visits to his sister, expressed his opinion that it must be “horridly dry,” to be still even in mamma’s room, down stairs, where one could observe the family life passing in the sitting-room; to read ten minutes, and rest half an hour; to crotchet a row, and rest again.

And “dry” it was, assuredly.

"What can we do for our little invalid?" said Mrs. Warren one morning, as the child turned wearily from the articles brought her for the day's beguilement. If we only had the wonderful music-box, now, that we saw at the Fair. I would wind it up, and all day long you should listen to its eighty melodies. By the way, the Fairs are not yet done with; I glanced over an account of some of their marvels but yesterday. Shall I come and read it to you, deary, when the work is done?"

"Yes," said Maedy. But, when Mamma was ready, she had just closed her Tanglewood Tales. "I must have read them a dozen times over, since I have been laying here," she said: "and now I am tired of reading. Suppose you sit here, Mamma, and talk while you sew. Tell me anything you remember about the Fairs that have been held lately."

"Well," said Mrs. Warren, pausing to think, "they have all been large and fine. What was written of the one in Brooklyn, applies justly to them all:

"Fair is a bargain when 'tis made
According to the rules of trade.

* * * * *

Fairmont by Scuykill's wave is fair;
Fairfield is famed for wholesome air;

Fair was the fight at Naseby, when
 Stout Fairfax beat King Charles' men;
 And fair with treasures rich and rare,
 Is every Sanitary Fair,'

if the poet will allow a slight change in his last line.

"That of the Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, for instance, was admirable in every respect; it is said that every person between eight and eighty years of age, in town and county, helped in the work of preparing for it. Among its attractions was a Gipsy camp, wherein one could see how real Gipsies live in their wanderings; a skating-pond, whereon a miniature company, clad for the wintry occasion, were multiplied by means of ingenious mirrors to a fairy multitude skimming over the ice. The 'Pokeys folks,' as they style themselves, represented the life of their forefathers by means of an ancient Dutch homestead, heavy with projecting beams, and hung with horns and fowling-pieces. A framework of tiles surrounded the fire-place; from them children used to learn Scripture lessons in the days when Sunday-school books were unknown. Parchment-bound books from Holland; a silver-clasped Dutch Bible; a tinkling spinnet, whose notes were doubtless as agreeable to the owners' ears as those of a Chickering

are to ours,—graced the room. A thrifty dame, who looked as if she had been preserved for two centuries to run the machine, because no modern housewife could do it in so orderly a manner, kept all things clean to polishing. Perhaps she was an ancient emigrant from the hospitable town of Brock, near Amsterdam, in which the barn walls are polished by daily scrubbings; where the people never soil the front doors by use, except at baptisms, weddings and funerals; where even the paving-stones shine from the effect of soap-suds. Other old-time people—one of them wearing the identical robes of Mrs. Washington—helped in serving the dishes of the Dutch repast; and when the guests drank their tea, each took a bite for himself from a piece of loaf-sugar suspended above the table by a string fastened to a beam. The sugar, thus swung from mouth to mouth, enabled every one to satisfy his sweet tooth at pleasure.”

Maedy smiled. “If Roger hears that, he’ll soon have a lump hanging over our table, for he’s always passing his cup for another spoonful, and he can’t keep his fingers out of the sugar-bowl, big boy that he is. Oh! what was he saying yesterday about the bars of silver and gold?—they were sent to one of the Fairs weren’t they?”

“Yes; they were Nevada’s offering to the Mississippi Valley Fair, held at St. Louis. The West, you know, has its own Sanitary Commission; it is, in reality, a Western Division of the work—begun with the war—in the East; its tents have been pitched on battle-fields from Pea-Ridge to Pittsburg Landing. The generous Western people sent of their produce from the forests, and mountains, and plains, to the Commission. Nevada gave a solid silver brick. Other States gave lead, wheat, corn. But money was needed more than all these; and the West, though vastly rich in fields of grain and un-gathered treasures of precious metals, has not yet many laborers for its harvest, nor great store of money. So its older brethren to the eastward have helped to pay its Sanitary bills. New England has given half a million for the relief of Western soldiers; thus binding the sober, prosperous East to the young and powerful West, by the strongest of national ties—fraternal good-will. But, as the war went on, the people of St. Louis, stirred by the enthusiasm that had moved, like an angel excelling in strength, over the cities of the land, announced a coming Fair, whose supplies should be gathered mainly from the Mississippi Valley. It

proved not only a credit to St. Louis, but a surprise and joy to us all ; for that, in the fourth year of civil war, such a project, undertaken on the very frontier of loyalty and civilization, should result in a profit of half a million—a sum averaging between two and three dollars for each visitant to the Fair,—was a fact only to be explained by the noble Western people themselves, who do all things largely and most liberally. Nevada, a giant stripling among the States, brought fifteen bars of silver and gold, and laid them on the tables of the Fair. The streets of the city were crowded with trains loaded with the produce of the earth, stock from the farms, merchandise from the cities. The German citizens came with singing and bands of music. As in the East, so in the West: artisans, professional men, every laborer in industry or art, brought each the contribution of his own work—a free-will offering to the Fair. Before it closed, immense freight-trains, laden with hospitable stores, were hastening to the rear of the armies ; and we hear that Sherman's host is abundantly supplied for the campaign, of which, as yet, no one knows anything, but himself."

"Mamma," said Maedy, in the pause that

followed, "all this is true, and yet it is as pleasant as a story. I can close my eyes and see the wagons rolling over prairies thick with flowers, and, far away, the sky seems to bend and touch the ground. There are mountains, too, like those we saw in the great picture at the Fair; inside, miners are digging out the ore, by the light of little lamps fastened to their caps. Now, herds of cattle move across the plains, and horses with tossing manes. They are all for the Fair. Are the pictures in my eyes, really? How do I see them?"

Mrs. Warren smiled, and was unable to give a satisfactory answer to the query. She, too, had seen pictures with closed eyes, when a child; and she knew that had one told her they were fancies, and no pictures, she would not have believed it. "Perhaps they are thought-pictures, my darling," she made reply. "As the light makes sketches on the little plate or retina of the eye, when open, so, when it is closed, a busy little brain may be able to delineate an image of its thoughts upon it by means of the optic nerve, of which doctors tell us. We will ask Doctor Pulsfer about your eye-pictures when he comes again. He will know what they are, if any one does."

It is the most natural of all steps, to glide from scenes under the eye-lids into the picture gallery of Dreams. The mother soon discovered that the little listener had gone thither; and as she sat occupied with her sewing, noting the quiet breathing of her child, and the hues of returning health on her face, unuttered thanksgivings ascended from her own heart to Him who alone can make us whole. Had he come with visible presence, as to the child in Palestine, and called "Maiden, arise!" she could not have been more truly blessed; but, ah! how happy must that mother have been, who could look on His face, and falling at His feet, adore the love and compassion that had rescued her child.

The Fairs afforded frequent matter for conversation, for one succeeded another, as the wants of the Commission increased, and the public spirit rose in power and fervor to supply it.

"Your Metropolitan was certainly very fine," said Frank to Roger one day, "but I guess the great Central, held in Philadelphia, went ahead of it in splendor." As Roger looked incredulous, he added, "Why, only think, the Committee, or whoever had the business in charge,

were allowed the whole of a public square, and within forty days, they put up a great building, of avenues, halls, and domes, that covered it all. And it was filled with such lots of things—its enough to turn a fellow's head to read of them. I wonder that there was anything left worth having, in the City or State, that was small enough to go into the Fair building. They had Bohemian glass-blowers, who made their delicate wares before your eyes, and then sold them to you; they had also tiny glass monitors, in which one could see the machinery and motion, as in a large one, and a couple of shipbuilding firms gave a yacht, the *Fairy*, named of course, after the great undertaking."

"Yes," said the Father, when the boys appealed to him, "the Sanitary fever broke out afresh in the middle States, after it had reached a crisis northward of them. Even the sober farmers of the Southern Counties, the same that did not know on which side they belonged, when Early rode into York, and Lee stood over against Gettysburg—even they felt the strong kindlings of the second arousing. What Frank says of the splendor of the great Central is not beyond the truth. It was opened with processions, cannonades, addresses. A stranger would

have supposed the city was celebrating a Fourth of July. It closed with speeches of gratulation, with grateful thanksgivings, and doxologies from a million voices. New Jersey and Delaware sent gifts to the amount of seventy thousand dollars to it. And standing at the head of Union Avenue, the central arcade of the structure—looking through its vista of five hundred and forty feet—think, that is as if eight or ten barns like ours were joined together; the spectacle must have been the most beautiful internal view ever seen on the continent. Above, rose one behind the other, a series of gothic arches made by the trees, which the taste of the architect had allowed to enter into the forming of the roof. Below these curved arches, hung countless banners and trophies over the perspective of tables burthened with precious and brilliant wares, and over the moving throngs of admiring, rejoicing people. When illuminated by the sun, or by the reflecting lights in the evening, this view must have been magnificent indeed. Here amid the rarest and loveliest objects stood a table, which is reported to have attracted much attention despite the plainness of its goods. It was covered with offerings of *needle-work* from the sewing women of the city;

humble toilers, who must have reduced their own scanty supply, in order that the men in the hospitals might receive an added thousand dollars worth of comfort.

"They of their poverty doubtless cast in more than all the others—according to Christ's judgment," said Mrs. Warren.

"I'd have given a good deal to have had some of the relics exhibited among the arms and trophies;" said Frank, "a weapon of John Brown's for instance; the man who was hung for helping slaves to become freemen, and whose soul is 'always marching on.' There were confederate weapons dropped, when the panic-struck fellows fled from Missionary Ridge. There was a little frigate, complete from keel to top-mast, carved from a mast of the Cumberland, a model of the great Rodman gun, whose balls weighed, well, I am afraid to say how many thousand pounds; and another of the Swamp Angel, resting on South Carolina soil, and protected by bags of Morris Island sand, exactly as the real angel had been; and the model was made by the men that mounted her." "For the children," said Mrs. Warren, "there were two model houses, built and furnished with all the completeness of a brown.

stone front, carved chimney pieces, book-cases filled with diamond editions, a gallery of tiny pictures, stood invitingly to tempt the loveliest bride of a doll to begin housekeeping without delay. One of these buildings was lighted with gas from top to bottom, and hence was suited for evening receptions. Many of the dolls congregated in the Children's Department were furnished with wardrobes that a Parisian lady might have envied."

"And, as in New York and Philadelphia, the schools generally, by entertainments, collections and offerings from the teacher's salaries, raised for the Fair, an amount that would be considered an ample fortune. Of the multitude of workmen, also, toiling in the factory, at the forge in the yard, the men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, who could send no delicate or costly specimen of their handwork to the Fair, there were few if any who did not respond to the proposal to give the result of one day's labor, while the steamboat companies and other business corporations, both public and private, sent packages of greenbacks with their compliments to the Committee of the Sanitary Fair.

"The Great Central must, of course, have its

kitchen like the others; in it the life of the Pennsylvania colonists was represented. Bottles from which coffee had been dispensed to the Continentals of 1776, hung in the fire place; and one could sit in the same chair, and write at the same desk which Franklin had used in olden times."

"How small the Lowell Fair seems now," said Maedy, "though when we were all working for it a year ago, we thought it a very splendid affair."

It cleared five thousand dollars above all expenses," said Mrs. Warren, "and that beside eleven hundred thousand, does look rather insignificant. But our fair is small merely by comparison. It has the honor of being the first of the great fairs—the idea of that proving successful, inspired the larger cities of the nation, with a generous rivalry to surpass one another in the beneficent project."

"The peculiar and crowning glory of the Great Central, must have been its floral display," she continued. "In addition to the flower market, at which bouquets were sold like clothing, ready made or to order, an immense rotunda was given up to the occupancy of magnolias, tree-ferns, date palms, camphor trees, pomegranates,

pitcher-plants, and scores of elegant exotics arranged in circles within it. The air was heavy with their perfume. Inside the circles, a lakelet reflected the hues of the blossoms, and from an island in the lake, rose a fountain of water and flame, resplendent with a thousand gas-jets, while the foliage behind concealed an orchestra whose music mingled its waves of sound with the falling water and the odor of flowers. I wish I could describe the whole scene," she continued, observing Maedy's interest in the account. "Perhaps, I can find a slip, I put by, quoted from "Our Daily Fare" the newspaper of the Fair. It reminds me of the descriptions in your story-books, and I thought at the time you children would like to read it, but afterwards it escaped my memory." The extract was found in Mamma's work-basket and read: 'Near the fountain rises a large pyramid glorious with Japan-cedars, butterfly orchids, bee-hives, lace plants, bananas heavy with fruit, Rubber trees, acacias, a regal display of the most aristocratic beauties in the realm of Plants. On the stream that surrounds this array, floats the Victoria Regia, Queen of the lilies, her capacious leaves strong enough to uphold an infant; in their *native Amazon*, a child of eight years might

find upon one a refuge from the waves. A dome-like sheet of water, covers the pyramid as with an immense bell-glass. Beyond and below this is a circle formed of alternate water and flame-jets. The combination of water and fire, together with the hues of the flames, the fragrant air, the harmonious sounds, issuing from invisible bowers, produce an effect, indescribably brilliant and enchanting.'

"It is like the Garden of Paradise, Mamma!" exclaimed Maedy, "that the Danish story-teller tells of in my Christmas book. The far-off Eastern people say, you know,—that is, it is a legend with them, that when Adam and Eve left Eden it sank down into the heart of the earth. And when the youth of the story found it at last,—he was always looking for Paradise,—the air was rich with rose perfume, the flowers and leaves sang like nightingales, some were shaped like humming-birds and others like peacocks with unfolded trains. The waters were colored as if with rainbows and flames; and all things shone like the illuminated pictures of the old monastery books!" "I should have thought of the Garden of Paradise," said Maedy, beginning to lose breath in her description of its sunken splendors.

"Had I been to the Fair," continued Mrs. Warren, "and seen those beautiful objects of the natural world, I should have fancied that they had been thus gathered to obey the behest of David, when, in one of his Psalms of Praise he calls upon fire and water to praise the Lord, the fruitful trees and cedars to show forth His glory, and all instruments of music to resound to His glory."

"In this world," said the father, "we are as guests lingering in the grounds of a palace, till bidden to enter where we shall see the King in His beauty. But even here, without the building, by the loveliness of park and garden, the splendor of day and night, the symmetry of all living things, the perfectness of our surroundings, we begin to learn what He is, although we are as yet unable to see Him as He is. It is eminently by works that we know one another. By his books we discern the mind of an author, by his pictures the genius of a painter, and by the humblest flower or pebble of what we call nature,—the visible workmanship of God,—we may learn something of the Maker and Father of all."

There was still another Eastern Fair to be held for which Fairbrook and its county worked

with an energy as fresh as if it had never before been tasked. It was held in Boston which had already had a Soldier's Fair, and was now projecting another, in order to raise funds for a National Sailor's Home.

"This will surely be the last of the Fairs," people said, for it was opened late in the autumn. But, no, in the first month of the New Year, (1865,) from the opposite corner of the Union, came the announcement of a Sanitary Fair at St. Paul's, so far up the Mississippi that beyond it the river dwindles into a little stream, impassable for any but the smallest boats. In this remote city committees were organized to superintend the seventeenth Great Fair. Thus the project first tried in Lowell, was consummated by the youthful, growing city of the North-west. It was an admirable idea: by it, Lowell's five thousand, was rolled up to five million dollars for the Commission, and how many million comforts were thus provided for our invalid soldiers, none but they can tell!

These seventeen, however, do not include the scores of minor Fairs and other entertainments given by Aid Societies, families and even by children.

"Did you know that as many as thirty-five

Aid Societies had been organized during the war?" asked Mr. Warren of his wife one evening, as he looked up from the paper:—"more than one for every populous centre of each loyal State. The smaller Societies, such as ours in the village, are not counted, being but tributaries to the main ones, like rivulets to a stream."

"How much do you suppose the boys and girls have given?" asked Frank, "I don't believe any one knows all the work they have done by picking berries, raising onions, making lint and handkerchiefs, and so on. Then if we count all the school exhibitions, children's fairs, and other ways of raising money, like the Bird's Nest Bank for instance"—

"Who had a Bird's Nest Bank?" asked Roger.

"Did you never hear of that? It is the bank of some Sunday School children of Kalamazoo,—an odd name, isn't it?—out in Michigan. They called their little chapel the Bird's Nest; and one Sunday, when they were taking a collection for the freedmen, a soldier, who happened to come in from a neighboring camp, dropped in a cent, saying 'that he hoped it would *grow in the Bird's Nest*, for it had lain many

days in his pocket without growing at all. That cent was the capital on which the Bank was opened. It was immediately bought for ten cents; stock was issued for that price per share,—the profits all to go to the Freedmen; and they say it has been purchased in nearly all the loyal States, in South Carolina, in Scotland and Germany. It has made a pile of money for the Freedmen, and the soldier's cent polished and hung by a red white and blue ribbon may still be seen in the Bird's Nest Chapel."

"I can tell you a story," said Roger, "of Roland Turner and his brother—two boys of Baltimore—who collected fifteen dollars, and with it bought a lot of little things to fill a grab-bag for the Baltimore Fair. By the time the bag was empty, the cash box was filled with two hundred and forty dollars; wasn't that doing a profitable business? And this same Roland Turner, was, of all the people in Baltimore, the first to give a cup of cold water to Daniels' regiment and the others, when they passed through the place."

"Boys, have you heard of the California chicken?" asked Maedy, "which raised so much money for the Commission? The farmers

say if you take good care of a hen, she will lay six hundred eggs in the course of her life, but this little chicken was more profitable than a hen, though she laid no eggs; I guess she was worth more than her weight in gold."

The boys knew nothing of the chicken, and Maedy continued: "A boy brought her to the door of a Sanitary Fair; he had no money to buy a ticket, but wanted to give his white chicken decked with gay streamers, to the ladies, and it would make a bowl of broth for a soldier. 'Would they let him in for that?' he asked? 'No, go away,' said the doorkeeper, but a gentleman seeing the boy weeping and caressing his pet, bought him a ticket, and the little fellow, jolly enough now, took his chicken to head quarters, where his story being heard, and communicated from mouth to mouth, an auction was held, and the bird sold again and again; for as fast as she was 'knocked down' to one bidder, she was returned and set up for another. In this way she raised nearly five hundred dollars.

"The Western people have their own modes of performing good deeds," said the father, who had listened to the children's talk, "they *have a right to follow their own fancies, for a*

larger-hearted, freer-handed people are not found on the earth. They walk erect, looking aloft, as if accustomed to watch the flight of eagles. Their step is agile and free, like that of men who roam over prairies, unhindered by walls, and uncramped by the boundaries of the streets. Their conversation is what may be called 'large,' at times, their stories wonderful, their jokes broad, but these are simply indications of their character; which is forcible in every direction. Some of their States whose population is scarce, whose laborers therefore are few, have yielded noble harvests for the nation and the armies. The people, like those of all new countries, are extremely social and fond of excitement, hence, an auction sale is the signal for a 'high old time' among the miners and pioneers of the far West, and by such a sale, the largest sum yet raised, to my knowledge, on any article among our free-will offerings of less size than a steam-boat, was collected in Nevada and California. What would you think of a twenty-pound sack of flour which had been sold for seventy-five thousand dollars in gold?" "I should say," said Frank opening his eyes, "that the wheat must have sprung from a mine, and that every grain was of the

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finest gold. They must have large auctions in that country."

"They don't have anything small out there," said Roger, "their berries are as big as melons, their vegetables big as flour barrels, and their trees as big as meeting-houses. It's true now," he rejoined at Frank's laugh, "I read once of a prayer-meeting attended by more than forty people; and it was held in the hollow trunk of a tree, in California.

"But what made the sack so precious?" asked Frank.

"Nothing but an idea, and that one which was suggested by a jest. Previous to a certain county election, a Mr. Gridley of Austin, Nevada, was discussing the probable success of his party, and warming with the argument, he said to his opponent, 'I tell you our side is going to win; if I don't say the truth, I'll guarantee to march from Upper Austin to Clifton, to the tune of Old John Brown, and carry a sack of flour on my back.' The party was defeated, and Mr. Gridley true to his word, made his march, followed by a procession of the town celebrities, all the citizens cheering heartily. It was assuredly not an overwise performance, but it gave some diversion to the

crowd; and when Mr. Gridley, having ended his promenade, made a short speech, offering two hundred dollars for his burden, the price to be paid to the Sanitary Commission, their cheers awoke the echoes of the hills. Other bidders came forward, paid down their gold, and returned the bag to the auctioneer. The merchants took care not to be out-done by the mill-owners, the miners were determined to keep even with the landlords, and thus every one took the method suggested by Mr. Gridley, of giving his contribution to the Commission. When the crowd had emptied its pockets of gold and silver, the sack was borne, by a suitable escort, to Golden Hill, where another auction scene was improvised. Thence it passed to Silver City, Dayton, and received bids from Virginia City, each 'city' desiring to rival its compeers and thereby retain the sack. While bids were made through Nevada and the Washoe mining district, it was borne to Sacramento and San Francisco, where it was favored with heavy sales. When last heard from it was in Missouri, accumulating a large pile of greenbacks. If I was the final owner of the sack," concluded Mr. Warren. "I should inscribe on it the amount received from the various stations of its journey,

and place it in a museum, to be preserved as a relic of the marvellous liberality that has signalized and illuminated these years of national calamity."

CHAPTER III.

THE WILDERNESS.

WHILE troops and fleets were marshalling in the South-west, the armies that faced one another along the Rapidan, started at the bidding of their commander, into renewed life and action; and the wastes of Virginia, the graveyards of our dead braves, were again to be strewn with the ghastly rows—the sowing of battle-fields,—and saturated with Northern and Southern blood. The Army of Virginia still drew its huge length and reared its crest between Washington and Richmond. But a great Captain had arisen in the North, and accepted the task of destroying the monster, His conflict, like the fabled one of St. George with the Dragon, should be mighty for a time, but he was to come off conqueror at last.

Tidings from Daniel, described the opening of the campaign. He wrote in May, 1864, from “Beyond the Wilderness.”

“I seize the first leisure hour for you, my Beloved at home. The advance has been sounded, and the strife opened in a region overhung with the shadow of death. Before we set forth, our camp was like a

theatre, where each rehearsed his part in the great drama about to be enacted. The men were drilled daily, and all were engaged in the preparations necessary for the coming campaign. Grant, now commanding all the armies of the nation, has his headquarters with us in the field. Of the other appointments, that of Sherman to the Division of the Mississippi, including the Department of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas, gives great satisfaction to the rank and file. You have doubtless learned ere this that Meade still retains his command as General of the Army of the Potomac, which has been entirely reorganized, and includes now but three corps; the second, to which our Division belongs, under Hancock, who may be considered, perhaps as the finest soldier in the army; a soldier, who on the field is like a king on the throne, ruling all hearts by his royal presence, and the wave of his gracious commanding hand. Under his majestic sway, the men are like women to him, like lions to the foe. Gallant as a chevalier of old, he is a continual inspiration to his corps. The fifth is under Warren, young for a Major-General, but worthy of his rank. The old general of our name would have rejoiced in such a successor; a man of subtlest intellect, of martial energy, no title can confer greater honor than belongs by nature to such a character. Lastly, is the 'Old Sixth' under Sedgwick, the iron leader, the steadfast, great-hearted soldier, the gentle child-like man, beloved through-

out the whole army. With us, at present, is the Ninth, also under Burnside, of whom you have heard before. With a hundred and forty thousand men in arms, led by such Generals, and with Grant at the head of all, we set forth at midnight, on the third, to meet the foe across the Rapidan. The next night Hancock bivouacked his Corps on the former battle ground of Chancellorville, at the edge of the wilderness. The safe passage of such an host with its van of four thousand wagons, in the face of a powerful foe, was a matter of gratitude to all. And now as we stood facing him, with no barrier between the two armies, every man pondered the events to come. The renewal of former combats, the marches and maneuvers, the onslaught, the new lists of captured, wounded, killed, the victories, the end; for there is that in Grant's eye which bespeaks nothing less than the destruction of the rebel hosts. It was a solemn day for us, the first on the southern shore of the Rapidan. Our course lay through the Wilderness; beyond it we expected to meet the enemy, but he, ever alert and vigilant, seized the advantage of giving battle while we were entangled in its gloomy labyrinths. More difficult ground for military work, or a more unsightly place for any human purpose, one can hardly conceive. It is as dismal as the Enchanted Woods of old tales, a desolate region covered with an undergrowth of scraggy pines, bristling chinkapins, scrub-oaks; a place in which our only guide

was the compass, though every foot of it was as well known to the Confederate officers as their own door-yards; a place in which no guns could be used because there is no range; no cavalry could advance because of the gnarled shrubs; no array of battle was possible in its dense shades, although two hundred thousand soldiers were hidden in its thickets. The horrors of that battle will never be known. Shrouded in mystery, witnessed by no human eye, it was to my mind, one of the strangest conflicts ever fought; a fair fight in an open field, would have been ease, comfort, pleasure compared with such a struggle. With orders to pass rapidly through this horrible place, our advance, led by Warren, was stopped early on the fifth, by the guns of A. P. Hill's Corps and driven back with loss. It was supposed that this assault was only from the enemy's rear-guard, but the truth was that these thickets concealed Lee's entire army, divided like ours into three Corps, led by Ewell, Hill and Longstreet; and numbering a total of fifty-two thousand men. Of the details of the battle, I know but little. There was not much plan in it, I think. The fighting was continuous along the line, and especially severe at the few roads and their junctions, which are found in the desert. Warren repelled the first assault by Hill, and the enemy now showing himself in force before Warren and Sedgwick, the battle began in terrible earnest. Hill struggled hard for a junction of the Brock and Plank road. Hancock was moving to

our support on the former—but Getty's Division planted at the junction, held it steadily against all onsets, and toward three o'clock in the afternoon we heard the ringing cheers of Hancock's men as they came up the road. The fighting after this was general, Warren disputing the turnpike with Ewell, and Hancock on the Plank road, hurling his masses against Hill, with a persistence that might be mistaken for desperation. We continued these resolute but fruitless efforts to drive the adversary till long after sunset, when we could no longer see through the woods. He had failed in his endeavor to thrust a column between two of ours, and we had lost some ground. The loss of above three thousand men on each side, attested the ferocity of this first grapple. It was as if two wild beasts had met in this Wilderness and had striven to tear each other in pieces. The night fell gloomily upon us; amid its silence, one of the men, with the intent perhaps to raise his own drooping spirits, began to sing 'Rally round the Flag!' By the time he had reached the chorus, a thousand voices caught the strain: 'The Union forever! Hurrah boys, hurrah,' and caused the thickets to echo with their strong, exulting strains. Nothing could have been more cheering; it lifted us at once above all depression, and made us willing to do battle again, even in this horrible place, if necessary. Such is the power of a simple, noble song.

By dawn of the next morning the greybacks

opened upon us, (Sedgwick) at the right, and Hancock at the left. The order was given—the only one practicable in the maze wherein we lay—‘Advance along the whole line.’ Our general dashed upon his enemy, Hill, with ardor, and drove him a mile and a half through the woods, crowding him back upon his artillery, and even upon Lee’s headquarters. But here a halt was cried to re-form the line, which had been broken into fragments by the thicket. The two hours thus lost were never retrieved, for during this time Longstreet’s veterans, after marching forty miles to share in the battle, took their place in the gap left by Hill’s routed column, and though furiously assaulted, presented an impenetrable barrier to our further advance. At noon their steadfast line moved toward Hancock, breaking down one brigade after another, till the General was compelled to fall back to his trenches by the Brock-road. It was while gallantly striving to hold his command against this adverse tide that General Wadsworth, a noble gentleman and equally noble soldier, fell shot through the head. He died next day within the enemy’s lines. But now, in the very height and fury of their onset, the rebels suddenly faltered; Longstreet had fallen. Riding forward with his staff, he encountered a party of his own flanking force, who mistook the group for a party of Union horsemen. The General shouted to his men in vain; they fired, and he fell severely wounded. The enemy seems fated thus to

destroy some of his ablest men. Stonewall Jackson you remember, was slain in like manner, but a few miles from the scene of Longstreet's disaster.

Four hours later, Lee had the Corps of Longstreet and Hill well in hand, and hurled them again upon Hancock's trenches. The latter was ready for him, and would doubtless have repelled the assault but for an accident which occurred at this critical moment. A fire already begun in the woods, now communicated itself to the log breastworks of his line, causing such extreme heat and smoke, that a part of his troops were unable to fire over the parapet. The rebels perceiving the disadvantage, pressed forward heavily, crowding the men back in disorder and planting their own standards on our barricades. A fresh brigade was sent forward, and they were again guarded by our own men. Sleeper's Battery, (10th Mass.) was conspicuous in repelling this assault; a rebel yell in the neighborhood of the Second Corps, is always a signal for its alert, defiant guns to let fly! It is sure to be present in all engagements, and is known in the army as 'The Saucy Battery.'

In the 20th Massachusetts, one color-sergeant after another was shot down, as fast as the vacant place was filled. Such was the eagerness to keep the flag aloft, that two men caught the standard at once when it was about to fall. In the same instant a ball severed it, leaving the flag with one man, and the staff with the other. "Bedad, the ribs have

settled it for you this time," cried the former, as he waved it overhead in triumph.

A final assault was made upon the Sixth, just before dark, when Rickett's Division was crowded back, and many prisoners taken, including three Brigadier-Generals. The break however was repaired, and nightfall prevented further bloodshed.

Thus the battle was closed. The report of it was,—fifteen thousand Union men, eight thousand Confederates disabled or captured,—nothing more. Both parties fought behind intrenchments, and neither could carry the works of its foe, yet neither would have been willing to forego this grapple, as a first testing of the strength of its combatant. No advantage was gained by either side; the game was a drawn one.

On the morning of the third day (May 7th) Lee remained quiet behind his breast-works; and as Grant's choice had been not to fight in the Wilderness, no farther demonstration of importance was made. It is said that the Lieutenant-General is disappointed in the result of this first step—that he had been of the opinion that our army had never been handled so as to bring out its utmost power, and that in his first encounter he had expected to vanquish the hostile army. Be that as it may, he was not dismayed. His face tells no tales. The Austrian Blücher, you remember, was styled 'Marshal Forwards' by his men, and I think our silent, resolute leader, will be known among us

as 'General Forward,' if he continues to push on in the vigorous way he has begun.

That night, the march southward, so abruptly checked, was resumed; and we emerged from the Wilderness, leaving it strewn with fallen men in blue and grey. One of our chaplains while ministering to the wounded, when the strife was ended, came upon a rebel lying in a cramped position, unable to move. After some conversation, the rebel so far overcame his suspicion of a Yankee chaplain, as to admit that he would like to be turned over; he thought his thighs were broken, and he was dreadfully tired for he had lain in one posture since the day before. The Chaplain laid him on his other side, gave him some crackers, filled his cup with water, and seeing two men pass at the moment, bearing a stretcher, he asked them to take the greyback to the hospital. The poor fellow had visibly softened at these attentions; as he was laid on the stretcher he could restrain himself no longer but sobbed out, 'Wal now this does beat all,' unable to find words by which to thank his unknown friend.

Here also, amid these gloomy scenes, I saw 'Gentle Annie' Etheridge, an attendant of the Second Michigan, who came out with it in the beginning of the war, and who is famed for her courage, no less than for her usefulness. She is seldom or never absent from the regiment, and is often to be seen far to the front binding the wounds of those who

in the tumult of battle cannot be moved to the rear. She is always self-possessed, of quiet manners, and wears a Kearney Cross, a badge of honor awarded for her services to the regiment. She was the only woman allowed to remain, when Grant's order was issued excluding all nurses and other female attendants from camp. Her garments are often perforated with balls, yet she is entirely fearless on the field, and has saved many a fallen man who would else have been crushed by the onset of battle. At the height of the conflict in the Wilderness, her regiment was surrounded by the rebel and encountered great peril in trying to extricate itself. The line of battle was swung round, leaving the enemy to fill the place our men had vacated. During this movement, Anna was speaking to a drummer-boy who dropped dead at her feet, pierced through the heart. Startled at the sight, she hastened toward the enemy, quite unconscious of her mistake or the change that had been made. How she escaped through their line is a mystery, for scores of balls were sped to arrest her flight, but did not prevent her from rejoining her boys after a time. Had she descended white robed and winged from the clouds, they would not have greeted her more joyfully; for to them she is in truth a ministering spirit sent for healing and blessing.

We have no time for funeral rites, yet as we leave our dead behind, we bear forward the memory of them in sincere hearts. Among the wounded

Hancock and six acting Brigadier-Generals. Among the Confederate wounded is Longstreet, Pegram, and three other Generals. We lament the loss of our Wadsworth; on the field, and in the home, Death chooses for his own, the noblest, best beloved, and bears them beyond our sight. Wadsworth, though reared in affluence, a man of wealth and power in the State, and past the age of military service, volunteered with us, his humbler compatriots, in '61, and served his country faithfully till he fell in her defence. He remained steadfast and brave at Bull Run, when the men were dismayed. In the following year as you may remember, he was a candidate for the office of Governor of New York, and had his fellow-soldiers been at home to vote for him he would have been elected. This year when his success was almost if not quite a matter of certainty, he declined a re-nomination. Rather than to make a parade of his liberality, he chose to accept the pay due to him as a General; but now that he is dead, we learn that in an interview with the Postmaster when arranging his financial matters, he announced that at the close of the war, he should wish an account of all the money he had received from the United States, adding, "for the amount, whatever it is, I shall give to some institution founded for our disabled soldiers. This I think, is the best way I can take to refuse pay for serving my country in the hour of danger." His men relate with gratitude and laments, many

incidents of his noble conduct and his care for them. For example, when they were marching through Maryland, previous to the battle of South Mountain, when officers and men were obliged to walk over a rugged tract of country, Wadsworth was much troubled at the sight of their bruised and bleeding feet. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped forward to a town in the vicinity, to enquire whether he could purchase any shoes for his troops. As he entered the town, he saw a couple of men lounging outside a closed shop, and stopped to ask them whether there were any shoe stores in the place. They replied gruffly they couldn't tell; there might be or might not: "I want to buy something to cover the feet of my men," rejoined Wadsworth. "Guess you won't find anything for'em, here," retorted one of the idlers; whereat the General was angered. "Here are two pairs of shoes, at any rate," he exclaimed! "Take them off your feet instantly and hand them over for men who have souls in their bodies." Thus ordered, they were forced to obey. Wadsworth rode on, accosting every man he met; and collected by this summary method, two hundred pairs of boots or shoes. In telling this incident, the General would refer to a 'fine old miller,' whom he exempted from the general shoe-tax. 'When I told him of the pitiful plight of my men' he would say, 'the old man replied slowly, 'I don't know whether we've any shoes in the house or not,' but—looking down at his feet,

there's a pair you may have with a welcome.' 'I wouldn't take those, but waited outside while he searched for some in the house. All the other men I stripped of their shoes.'

By the ninth, we had cleared the Wilderness; the rebels were hovering in every direction about us, hindering our passage by repeated and severe assaults, but we pressed on to a cleared ground near Spottsylvania Court House, and here we found the enemy planted directly across our line of march. It was from before his bulwarks that our General dispatched the message whose closing, potent words have been accepted by the nation as a guarantee of his faithful service and final triumph: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." I am sure he would have literally held to his proposal, if Lee had been able to remain within his own bulwarks. We had a terrible battle before them, as day after day the divisions were led forward at various points, merely to return diminished and exhausted. In a newspaper we often read of 'heaps of slain' on a battle field; this phrase, and other like expressions, used for describing an engagement, are generally exaggerations, or mis-statements of the truth; but here the very trees were destroyed in the storm of battle. Boughs, branches and trunks were scattered by the hail of minie-balls. Small trees were severed as if by the blows of an axe; large white oaks were shivered into fragments. One tree that I saw was cut in two from the root up

by the piercing bullets. We are accustomed to heavy fighting and great losses, but the slaughter here was enough to make the stoutest veteran thoughtful. Sedgwick, the valiant and beloved General of the 'old Sixth,' was lost to us early in the struggle, by a sharpshooter's ball. We could better have spared a whole division, than him. Only a moment before he fell, he stood within the trenches, placing his guns, and good humoredly rallying some of his men who flinched under the enemy's fire.

Here, as in the Wilderness, the attacks though vigorous and prolonged, failed to give any decided advantage, though they were not altogether without result. With what undaunted valor our Hancock led his troops against the hostile bulwarks, the frequent charges, the flags planted on opposite sides of the same trench, the bodies strewn before the scenes of fruitless assaults, all attested. In one of these latter, we lost an intrepid young officer, Brig. Gen. Rice, who had striven through many a well fought-day on other fields. As he lay bleeding and exhausted, he asked a passing soldier to change his position, 'Which way shall I turn you?' asked the man. 'Towards the enemy,' answered Rice, 'Let me die with my face to the foe.'

On the twelfth, our Division took part in an engagement before an angle of the enemy's defences. *It was a weary and dreadful strife, for the sallies of*

the rebels were made without regard to the loss of human life, and our own power of endurance was so severely taxed, that through the last of the engagement, I was conscious of nothing but smoke, powder, the dead, and my duty to stand fast at my appointed post. Lee withdrew his force at midnight, after twenty hours of combat, leaving us, the living among the slain, possessors of the angle. The success was worth the struggle, for it lifted the troops from their mood of misgiving into one of hope and assurance.

For twelve days we moved eastward and westward seeking an entrance into these lines strengthened by every device of art, and every advantage of nature. In these movements, the position of the whole army was changed, and far removed from the ground we held at first; while we were thus shifting from point to point, Lee sent out General Ewell to turn our left flank; the rebels were opposed by Tyler's foot artillerists, a division never before in battle, but which fought with an ardor that quickly decided the struggle. Unlike the veterans who are now accustomed to these wood-fights, and who are almost as ingenious as Indians in sheltering themselves by evergreen boughs and other protections, the new regiments pushed forward audaciously, and in this case with the best results.

In the meantime, gallant Phil Sheridan, the finest mounted soldier in all the Armies, as we think—was

out on a raid, destroying the track of the Virginia Central, battering cars in pieces, liberating four hundred of our men captured in the Wilderness, who were travelling toward Richmond, when he discovered them,—seizing Confederate trains, and doing more damage than the rebels can repair in a year. After crossing the South Anna at Ground Squirrel Bridge, his troops fought the enemy with great spirit at Yellow Tavern, (this is an odd region for names,) and in the action J. E. B. or ‘Jeb.’ Stuart, was killed. He was to the Confederate Army what Sheridan is to ours,—its foremost cavalry man; ‘the Untiring,’ as Lee liked to style him. Our losses thus far in the campaign reach the appalling number of forty thousand men! Surely the European newspapers cannot now cast ridicule upon our battles, nor will our own people have cause to complain that we are not prosecuting the war in earnest.

My leisure hour has passed into the night, and I must go to rest. To-morrow we continue the march southward, either to place ourselves between Richmond and Lee, or to ‘flank’ him out of his impregnable defences. In either event we shall most certainly ‘fight it out’ till the issues of war decide whether we are to live as one people or two.

If I am spared, I shall tell you of what befalls us, as I have opportunity. I am not disturbed in regard to my own fate, nor should you be, dear parents; for surely all is of God, whose good care is over us, in peril as in safety, in suffering or absence, as in

health or in the tranquil delights of home. 'Lo, I am with you *always!*' is the precious word given us by the Master,

Affectionately yours,

DANIEL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERLAND CAMPAIGN.

"We shall have all the planting done to day," said Frank, as he surveyed the newly-made garden beds. "Here are the peas, Roger,—those are for you; and I am going to put in the sweet corn. If we have good sun, the lettuce will soon be up in the hot-beds,—it's already up an inch or so, and by the second week of June, we shall have roast lamb and green peas for dinner; see if we don't. A week of sunny spring weather makes things grow like a pumpkin vine."

"But the garden won't be finished, for there will be more peas and beans to plant after these; and we are to have an extra bed for the strawberries this year. Maybe we'll have a dish of 'em, with our dinner of lamb and peas," added Roger, smacking his lips in anticipation of the expected repast.

"Would'nt your vegetables come up quicker, if you were to put the seeds in the ground," asked the father good humoredly, looking up from the low frames he was making for the support of his tomato vines. "Green peas we shall

surely have, both early and late, if you will but give them a chance to grow; and I can promise you marrow squashes and cucumbers on the same condition. When the work is done, we may expect the fruitage as our right; the rule holds good in things small and great; though in large undertakings one must often wait long for the result of one's labor. Think how many months our Generals in Virginia have been toiling to weed rebellion out of its soil," he added, "and they have yet to see the work of their hearts and hands accomplished."

"Do you believe they will ever uproot secession from Virginia?" asked Roger.

"To be sure they will: they have not labored three years for naught. The experiments and toils, the great losses and burdens of the long strife, should be considered but as stepping stones along an upward and triumphal way. They are the necessary attendants of the conflict between the true ideas of Liberty, good Government and Unity, and the false ideas of Human Bondage, unsound government, and ruinous divisions. And I incline to think that we are nearing the conclusion of the problem, that the way to settle it rightly and speedily has been discovered. Be that as it may, the Secess-

ionists are greatly disturbed by Grant's operations ; far more so, than by the delaying, hesitating 'strategy' of former Generals. This determined progress southward, and his 'continuous hammering,' are observed with ill disguised alarm in the South, and the effects of it cannot be concealed from the common people and the soldiery. One of their men who was lately captured, —perhaps a Unionist at heart,—who talking of the situation, confessed that he 'could'nt understand it !'

" 'Lee,' said he, 'won a great victory over Grant, by the Rapidan, and told us so. That night we retreated. Then he won another victory in the Wilderness, and told us so ; and we retreated to Spottsylvania. Then he won a *tre-men-jus* victory, and I was taken prisoner ; and they do say he's retreated again. It was easy enough to see that we'd hurt you, when *you* used to fall back, but now, our fellows keep retreating and retreating, and I can't understand it *no how*.' "

"Perhaps they'll fall back to Richmond," said Roger, as he began his second row of peas, "and our boys will surround the city, and make 'em surrender. Then the war will be ended, and we'll have a grand spread-eagle holiday ; all

the bells will ring, and maybe we'll have sky-rockets ; and he sang aloud :

‘ Hurrah ! Hurrah !

— And we'll all be gay,

When Johnny comes marching home.”

“ General Grant’s purpose, judging from the conduct of his campaign is the destruction of Lee’s army, rather than the occupation of Richmond,” continued the father. “ He may well be willing to wait awhile for the capital, if in the meantime, he can disarm and disband the troops that defend it ; yet we have already had the annually recurring journey to the neighborhood of that city. For General Butler with what is called The Army of the James, sailed up that river two or three weeks ago with iron-clads and transports, took possession of Bermuda Hundred and City Point, and dug his earth-works within three miles of the city limits.

The sixteenth of May was appointed for an advance toward it, but on the morning of that day a dense river fog overspread the country, and before it lifted from our sleeping camp, the men were aroused by the roar of artillery close at hand. It was from Beauregard’s guns. He had come to present in person, the compliments

announced by some Southerner in the beginning of the Rebellion :

. ' With axe and mortar and petard,
We tender Old Abe our Beauregard.'

or to render the French name into English, of excellent regard."

"I thought he was in Charleston," said Frank, "defending it, or trying to defend from our Parrots' and Dahlgrens'?"

"So he was; but as Gillmore had been withdrawn, because his troops were needed in Virginia, Beauregard also came northward without delay to meet his opponent on another field. He worked resolutely with a heavy force of troops and guns to break into the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, but at one point he was foiled by the steadfastness of a Maine regiment who could by no means be forced from its place, and at another by a novel device of General Smith, who having discovered a quantity of telegraph wire lying unused, made a trap for the greybacks, by stretching it before his line and winding it at a short distance from the ground, about trees or stumps. As the troops came rapidly forward, they were pitched headlong over the wire, and in the confusion that followed, they were completely at the mercy of

our men. The rebel General thereupon desisted, till he could obtain re-enforcements, when he gave battle again, and after severe fighting, compelled the Union troops to retire within their line of defence; whence Butler reports that he is 'bottled up.' However, the Lieutenant General is at hand to let him out, whenever it becomes apparent that he is no longer needed at Bermuda Hundred."

"My Champions of England are buried to rise no more till they appear as native 'young Americans,'" said Roger, as he smoothed the rows of planted peas with his rake.

"And my tomatoes are all in the ground," added Mr. Warren, "I shall be interested to see whether the 'General Grant,' the new specimen, will turn out anything superior to the others. If it is half as fine as it is described, I shall be satisfied."

The weeks rolled on; bearing treasures of light and heat, and rich growth to the well-tilled northern fields; they brought also stern tidings from Virginia—of the moving army, of vast conflicts, and appalling losses; of the great Leader's slow but steadfast advance, of the pressure brought against the rebel hosts that threatened to exhaust his own army as well as his

adversary's. Mrs. Warren's face wore the grave expression which had so often settled upon it during these years of war—a look of gentle, quiet sadness, such as one would wear who presaged a great sorrow, and who already sat in the shadow cast by its approach. Beyond her prayers and her trust in God, nothing could strengthen or console her; no human words could avail to comfort, while the army ranks were thinned at the rate of ten thousand men a week. But a day came, in which a letter bearing Daniel's superscription was brought home, and allayed her fears. From the neighborhood of Cold Harbor he wrote :

“ ‘A soldier's life is always gay,’ says the old song; and surely if variety was gaiety, we need not dispute the assertion. How many phases of military experience have we seen in one brief month, while groping through the dusky coverts of the Wilderness, traversing the fine wheat-fields and homesteads of the North Anna, and now for a second time finding ourselves by the Chickahominy,—the great ditch before the outworks of Richmond. We are still ‘hammering,’ upon Lee; our marches and counter-marches, our assaults, and withdrawals, and our enormous losses, are but the necessary

motions and accompaniments of the ponderous blows which the Lieutenant General is wielding against his foe. As yet, we see no very decisive or striking results; the rebel troops powerful within their fortified lines, evade our attacks, or disable us for a time, by the vigor with which they repel them. Mere hammering, we begin to think, will not avail to break their strength, nor will it open for us a way to Richmond.

“Yet, our confidence in Grant is not at all impaired. Whatever knowledge must needs be acquired, or art practised he will master, in order to finish what he has begun. Thus far in the campaign, he has worked to the best of his ability at a task which he foresaw was full of problems, and he is not the man to be overcome by difficulties in the way. I don't know how Lee and his men estimated our General, but the fact that whenever he has been thrown in this great struggle, he has risen to his feet again, that he has returned perseveringly to the conflict, that he has neither retreated from, nor evaded a battle; that his grasp has not once been loosened, though it has not yet broken the power of his enemy, ought to convince the insurgents, that the man they have to deal with

will not give over his purpose, while there is treasure or blood to spend. He will pursue them to their 'last ditch,' if they have the honor of reaching it, before surrendering. We are confident of his military genius and we believe that by the aid of time and of further experience, he will assert it in a way that the nation will be grateful to recognize.

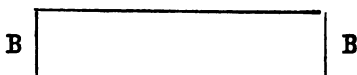
"Lee has at least one qualification of an able General. He knows how to defend his troops by making the most of his position. His defensive works are admirably planned, and they have received far more of our bullets than his men have.

"After testing his position at Spottsylvania by repeated assaults, and finding it impregnable, we marched to the southward in order to 'flank' him out of it. Such a movement is made by sending a large force to the rear or to one side of the enemy's position, thereby threatening him from a direction whence he is less strong, or quite unable to defend himself.

"An army, when confronted by hostile ranks which it cannot drive, will pursue its course somewhat as a ship 'tacks' when not *sailing* directly with the wind. If, for instance,

we are northward of the enemy's line, A,

A



and cannot overcome him in battle, by moving in the direction of the line B, either to the right or left of it, we so threaten him, that he must either throw up new earthworks, or retire to another position. Our movement was the signal for the rebels to move also, for in our march southward, they have not failed at every successive step to put themselves between us and Richmond. When therefore, we reached the North Anna, we discovered them facing us on the opposite bank."

"What a name for a river," exclaimed Roger, "Some Miss Anna must have been a very popular young lady in Virginia, once on a time, judging from the rivers which are called by her name; North Anna, South Anna and Rapid Ann!"

"Warren's Corps," continued the mother reading "crossed at Jericho Ford, named I suppose after that part of the Jordan famous for the passage of the army of the Lord when led by Joshua; but our men did not, like them, go

over dry-shod, for the stream was deep and perilous, and was no sooner passed than the divisions were assailed by the enemy. An odd encounter between the 83rd Pennsylvania and a column of rebels led by one Brown, caused much diversion when the affair was successfully ended. In the manœuvring of troops, the 83rd while moving to the support of another regiment ran close against the Butternuts, mistaking them probably for our own men. Then followed a moment of mutual doubt and surprise; in the next, Lieutenant-colonel McCoy wheeled forward his companies, and sent the first volley home, while a venturesome fellow rushed forward, seized Brown by the coat collar, and dragged him away as prisoner; nearly a thousand Butternuts were seized with scarcely less rapidity, and the remainder, apparently stupified by the sudden swoop, retired without opposing farther resistance to us. That was literally a *coup de main*, or hand stroke.

Our Corps halted before Chesterfield bridge, which protected at both ends by a redan faced by a wet ditch, must be won by a storming party, if we would cross upon it. Our artillery was brought forward, and about an hour before sunset, the brigades of Pierce and Egan swept

over the barren, exposed plain that skirts the hostile works. As the party approached, the garrison retreated in haste, with the exception of a few greybacks who were taken in the ditch, while our men clambered over the parapet by punching footholds in it with their bayonets, and planted their colors on the redan. Thus the passage of the stream, in the face of a powerful foe was brilliantly accomplished,

But Lee ever wary and alert had by this time put his troops in a position between the Ford and the Bridge, in such manner, that assail him as we might, he could threaten one or both wings of the army with readiness. General Grant pondered the situation in all its bearings, sent out reconnoitering parties to search for a weak point, and at the end of two days, no desirable place for attack having been discovered, it was decided not to repeat the scenes of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania—scenes of exceeding slaughter, followed by no results except the harm done to the rebel host. Accordingly, we re-crossed the river, and continued our march southward by another route, at the same time ‘flanking’ the rebels in their intrenchments along the North Anna. We were now approaching the Confederate capital.

Gaines's Mill, Mechanicsville, Fair Oaks, and other memorable fields of former conflicts lay close about us, and with each recurring sunrise our guns saluted the citizens of Richmond, hardly ten miles distant. But if any of us expected to outrun the greybacks in the race thither, we were quickly undeceived when we arrived at Cold Harbor. Lee by his 'interior lines,' or shorter routes had reached it first: he had gone directly south, while we had marched first eastward, and then southward. I have heard that in former times, some places along the travelled routes of England were called cold harbors, from the fact that they afforded shelter to the traveller, but no fire. But at this Cold Harbor the case was reversed; there was abundance of fire and no shelter at all. Such thickets and marshes as might have been of some protection to us were occupied by the enemy, and used in the construction of their lines. The position chosen was an exceedingly strong one, but the ruling and thinking heads of the army decided that we must attempt to wrest it from the rebels whatever should be the cost of life. Accordingly at sunrise on that grey chilly morning of June 3rd, an assault was made along the whole line. With us there

was a swift, steadfast march, a brave attack at the earthworks, the uprising of armed men from behind volleys of musketry intermingling with the roll of cannon, a spectacle of prostrate bodies, and within ten minutes, the question of our success or failure was decided. For nearly an hour longer, the assault was continued, but without hope; for the rapidly increasing numbers of those who fell in our line was assurance beyond a doubt that the position, like those we had previously attempted, could not be taken merely by throwing columns of men against it. It was a case in which numbers, on the attacking side were of no avail.

“Later in the day, the order was renewed by General Meade, and passed down to the subordinate officers, ‘Advance along the whole line;’ but at the appointed hour, not a regiment stirred from its place.

“From the time of the first attack in the dreadful hour of the morning, thirteen thousand men had been disabled from farther combat, and the army realized as if it had been but one man, that nothing but loss and death would result from another assault. Six Colonels, and four acting Brigadier Generals were among those lost to us.

"My own clothes were perforated with bullets, but whirled as I was, to the verge of the eternal shores, Death passed me by, and left me to drift back toward Life in the storm of the hour.

"After all further effort was abandoned, and, while we were pausing, behind our hastily made breastworks, Lee attacked us in turn, and sent out separate forces by night to surprise us, but was repulsed in both attempts. To-day an armistice is agreed upon for the burial of the dead and removal of the wounded, and I am using the leisure it affords me to write this letter.

"We hear reports that our next journey will be across the James to confront Richmond from the South; for we are in no way dismayed by the experience of the last month. The rebels complain that Grant doesn't know where he is whipped, and so long as he can put a line of battle before them, he will not pause to discover whether he is whipped or not. We have not been able as yet to fight them without their defences, but we have marched steadily southward, 'hammering,' hard at every point, and compelling Lee and his host to retire from every position they have occupied. The

federates show undeniable signs of vigor still, but how long can they endure the strain which Grant is forcing upon them? We shall see.

"Yours, in the hope of a bravely-earned peace."

"DANIEL."

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THROUGH the summer, from the James to Mississippi, there was seldom a lull in the uproar of the battle-fields. The several armies, now directed by one leader, were all employed in the performance of the part assigned them, in his great task of overpowering the rebel hosts, and destroying the false government under whose banners they were arrayed. Toward the last of July, word was received from Daniel, who wrote from his intrenchments, south of Petersburg, as follows:

“Having tried persistently the road that leads forward to Richmond, and battered in vain at the front door of the Confederacy, we have now gone around to the rear way, to see if we can effect an entrance here—our design being to reduce Petersburg, and possess the railroads which supply the Confederate army and capital with food. This accomplished, we can soon make an end of the war. We spent but two days in marching across the Peninsula, a distance of fifty-two miles, and crossed the James on the night of June 14th. A *markable* floating bridge, two thousand feet lo

had been thrown across the river, for the transporting of a large part of the army ; some of its boats were anchored in thirteen fathoms of water. Meantime a portion of Butler's troops had been sent on in advance to assail Petersburg before its defences were well manned, but owing to delays and mismanagement they failed to accomplish their task, and by the time the main body drew near the city, it was well guarded by thousands of veterans from the rebel army. Four days we fought in the hope of making a breach in its tremendous works. On the first, after the loss of hundreds of lives, we obtained a foothold within a mile and a half of the city, which from this spot was at the mercy of shells from our guns. We lost the ground the night after it was won, and the rebels soon afterwards retiring to a stronger series of works, inside of those we had fought for, we made repeated and gallantly-conducted assaults, though utterly unavailing to dislodge their ranks. When the assaults were given over, the hostile forces showed scarcely an impression of the severe ordeal to which they had been subjected, and the enemy's losses were comparatively slight ; while upon our army rolls were ten thousand names to which there was no response at roll-call. Some of our best batteries were lost. Thousands of men had been captured ; our officers looked haggard ; the rank and file were dispirited ; for the army is not made of as fine material as it was two years ago. Whole battalions of

its best men are in their graves, or lying in Southern prison-pens; thousands more are in the hospitals; and I have heard the statement made, that of those lately enlisted for a bounty of five hundred or a thousand dollars, not one in five has ever appeared at the front. The missing ones have for the most part, 'jumped' with their ill-gotten gains. But spite of foes without, and skulkers within the lines, we shall have Petersburg. I am sure of it whenever I see the Lieut-General, as he rides past, his face calm and immovable as if it was carved in stone. At such times we take courage, and say to one another, 'He is not the man to be whipped by a traitor; he wants but time, and ~~us~~ to help him, and he'll master the rebels yet.'"

Two weeks later, he wrote:

"We were allowed a brief term of rest during the scorching heat of July—rest that was sorely needed, for the marches and toils of the campaign and the protracted assaults on the works about Petersburg, added to the intense heat, have been enough to prostrate the strongest of us. Forty days the drought continued without so much as one shower to moisten the scorched earth which burnt our feet; or to allay the dust, whose clouds, whenever any movement of troops was made, revealed to the enemy much that was desirable to keep from him. Our supplies of water are poor and insufficient, and, but for the timely arrival of

car-loads of vegetables sent by the good people at home, the sufferings of the men would have been beyond endurance throughout these burning weeks. As the rebel army occupies the fortified region around Petersburg, we are engaged in the double duty of watching it and besieging the city. Day after day we lie in our 'graves,'—for each man in the trenches has dug one for himself—waiting for the shelter and coolness of the night, when we can come forth and breathe the fresh air without peril of sun-stroke or cannon-ball. These graves are simply holes, large enough for a man to creep into, feet foremost, and are protected by coverings of wood or stone, or whatever else the owner can pick up to serve his purpose. We become cramped and heated by lying in them; sometimes they fail to give us the shelter, and they do not always afford the protection which we seek within them. Often a falling shell will overwhelm a grave with masses of earth, and nearly suffocate the living inmate; or it will strike through the covering and kill him. A few days ago one of the men left his grave to get rations, and upon returning, after a brief absence, found no trace of his underground dwelling; a shell falling near it had exploded and quite filled it with the loose earth.

"Men who are continually brought face to face with Death, learn to regard it with coolness and apparent indifference. A soldier may dread the after-life, but he soon loses his fear of the blow that

may hurl him into it. Not a day passes without some narrow escape to make it memorable in some man's history; yet such events, after causing a half-hour's wonder, or furnishing matter for a good story, leave but slight impression on his mind, and often, Alas! none upon his soul. A few days ago, a cannon-ball struck the musket of one of our men, as he was in the act of raising it to fire. The weapon was hurled from his grasp and broken to fragments. The soldier looked at his empty hands, and laughed, as he remarked that 'twas 'better to be disarmed that way than by the order of your General.' Another man was hit on the breast by grape-shot, which tore a button from his coat and knocked him over; an officer standing by ordered him to the rear, supposing that he was wounded, but the soldier upon examining his breast, found that he was not hurt, and replied, 'No, thank you, Sir; I won't go to the rear till a ball hits harder than that one did.' An orderly was sitting on his horse, when a shell struck the animal and tore him in pieces, at the same time throwing the rider some distance from the scene of the explosion. As he gathered himself up and saw the scattered remains of the poor brute, he remarked with a droll seriousness, 'I guess I shall have to change horses before I go any farther.' Two officers evinced an equal self-possession, when, as they stood side by side, a rifle-ball passed so close as to graze the ear of one, and furrow the beard of his companion.

They both moved back a pace or two, and continued their conversation, while the former wiped the blood from his ear with his handkerchief.

“Toward the last of the month, our Corps was sent north of the James to engage the rebel garrisons in their fortifications near Richmond. We took one of their outposts and several guns, but were soon recalled for service here, and arrived just in time to witness the military sensation of the season,—the explosion of Burnside’s mine. It consisted of a tunnel five hundred feet long terminating in a gallery, which, with its additional wings, occupied most of the space beneath one of the enemy’s forts. Four tons of gunpowder were placed in the chambers of this gallery, the whole work being conducted with the utmost secrecy, so that few persons, if any, except those employed upon it, knew of its location or extent. The project was proposed by Burnside, whose Corps, (the Ninth,) was posted in a line of works opposite to that which included the hostile fort, and if he had rightly matured his plans, and had had courageous volunteers to execute them they might have accomplished something better than a ‘miserable affair,’ that the Lieut.-General styles it. The Ninth corps is at present made up largely of what our contrabands would call the ‘poor white trash’ of the army, and is therefore not the one from which to select a storming party for so momentous an occasion. The selection of a division to enter the breach,—or rather the exempt-

112 THE WORK OF THE TWO GREAT CAPTAINS.

ing of those who were not to share in the peril, was made by lot;—a strange method indeed wherewith to decide the question of a soldier's duty. The lot fell upon the First, commanded by Brig-Gen. Ledlie. The time for the explosion was appointed before dawn on the morning of July 30th, but after waiting beyond the appointed hour, and no results following the lighting of the fuse, two officers of the 83rd Pennsylvania, volunteered to enter the gallery, and remove the obstruction that was supposed to be within it."

"They were brave men, whatever may be said of others," said Frank, "to venture into such a place at such a time."

"The fuse was re-lighted," continued the mother, reading, "and, in as brief time as I am using to write of it, the massive structure, with all it contained, guns, caissons, limbers, garrison, a huge pile was hoisted high in the air, with all the noise and shock of an earthquake. There it hung for an instant a strange, stupendous spectacle, and then fell, like an inverted hill, a mass of ruins that struck the earth with a ponderous thud. The three hundred men who had occupied the Fort were utterly and instantly destroyed; the site of the structure was now a vast hollow, like the crater of a volcano, reaching to the depth of thirty feet below the level ground. The thunder of the explosion had hardly ceased when a hundred cannon rolled forth vol-

umes of sound from their iron throats; to which the greybacks, astounded and stupified, were unable to reply immediately. This was the critical moment in which the advancing column was to do its work, for if the crest beyond was to be won they must carry it without delay. But now it was discovered that no sufficient roadway had been made for the passage of the Division. The troops delayed to clear the way of obstructions, and moved onward irregularly and uncertainly. When, finally, they arrived at the abyss, they stopped within it; the men huddled together like cattle seeking refuge from a storm, though as yet the enemy was still amazed and silent at the shock of the explosion. After a long delay, some of the troops who had not entirely lost their wits essayed to go forward to the crest, the gaining which was the object of the whole undertaking. But these men were not supported, and now the Butternuts opened a heavy fire from a neighboring ravine, where they were planting batteries and forming their lines. Two hours had been wasted in disgraceful inaction,—had they been rightly spent, I should have been writing you from Petersburg, to-day, and if that city was taken, Richmond would certainly be the next to yield. After the loss of this invaluable time, Burnside threw forward his Division of Blacks, who essayed to take the crest by assault, but the enemy's artillery and cavalry being now in working order, our men were driven back under heavy fire, and served

only to increase the great confusion and panic of the masses within the crater. The rebels poured their shot and shell into it, as if they would fill the chasm, lately occupied by their lost fort, with missiles of war. To attempt an escape from this pit was as perilous as to remain; a few terrified groups succeeded in crawling back to the lines, but most of the four thousand fugitives perished on the spot where they had been halted by their timid, inefficient commander. The want of necessary preparations in the matter of debouches or roadways for passage, and the unwise selection of leader and troops were the cause of failure in this undertaking, which well managed might have proved the most brilliant and important event of the campaign."

Some days after the arrival of the letter, the papers contained news of the removal of the Corps to which Daniel belonged, to Deep Bottom, a position north of the James, where it was supposed the rebel army could be attacked with advantage, at the same time that Richmond would be threatened by a large force in its neighborhood. At the close of the week in which the corps were fighting their way into the hostile works in and near Deep Bottom, it was announced that Gen. Warren, at the opposite end of the Union lines, had struck out for the Weldon Railroad, one of the great avenues

of supply for the commissary Department of Richmond and Lee's army, that after a prolonged contest in which above four thousand men were lost he was enabled on August the twenty-first, to plant his forces firmly across this important road and strengthen his hold by earthworks which the enemy tried vainly to break, though he renewed his attacks nearly every day. As all kinds of provisions were very high in Richmond, and as the system of transporting supplies was so poorly managed by the Confederate officials, that the rebel General could rarely count on more than one day's supply ahead for his men, the loss of this road was a most damaging blow to the Confederacy, whose adherents might now begin to fear with reason that they would be starved out.

Meanwhile Hancock's corps had been recalled from Deep Bottom to support General Warren who was manfully resisting the repeated assaults made by the rebels to recover their lost rail-road. The next dispatches announced a severe engagement at Ream's Station, the southernmost points reached by the Union troops on the Weldon rail-road. Twice Hancock's men had repelled the rebels, but the third time, when urged forward by A. P. Hill, they had broken

into the defences, had taken several guns including those of the Massachusetts 'Saucy Battery' Capt. Sleeper, and put to route the Division opposed to them. "Their advance was checked for a few hours," continued the newspaper accounts, "but the expected help from Warren failed to come up in time to be of use, and the day closed, with the Confederates occupying our breastworks, while Hancock withdrew his men from the Station. Nearly one-third of his command had been sacrificed in the engagement of whom about seventeen hundred were taken prisoners. This is the fourth regular battle opened by the foe in the hope of dislodging us from the rail-road; but Warren has thoroughly severed it, north of this Station, and he is now too strongly intrenched to fear being dislodged."

These tidings served to arouse the anxiety that lay always dormant in the hearts of the parents. Where was Daniel? why did he not write as usual and tell them of the battle, they asked of themselves continually. They had not to wait long for an answer to their silent questionings, for while people and papers were discussing the great good fortune of the day, the severing and occupying of the Weldon Railroad by Warren's men, a letter signed by the

officer commanding Daniel's brigade, announced that their son, together with his colonel and other members of the regiment, were among the missing since the disaster at Ream's Station; that while defending a part of the line the brigade was assaulted by a large force, which swarmed over the earthworks and surrounded the post in which Daniel and his comrades were stationed; that the brigade was "badly cut up" and that as these men were not among the wounded or killed they were probably with the large number who were carried away prisoners on that day.

This then was the end of all their hopes concerning their long absent son; the end of his three years faithful, perilous service. He had wasted under the poison of the Chickahomny swamps, had suffered and toiled at Fredericksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg, and through this terrible campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, only to be driven at last to a Southern prison and wear out his life amid its unknown horrors! He had borne a manly, uncomplaining spirit throughout the whole weary time, had never thought of flinching or failing however dark the prospect; whatever the danger in view, never a regret had escaped him over the

sudden complete change in his life ; he had been always hopeful, vigilant, strong, only to have his spirit broken at the last by a doom as cruel as it was hopeless ; and that too in an hour when all hearts were presaging the grand closing of the strife—when the Great Rebellion was approaching its overthrow,—when Peace and Honor and Home were to be the reward for the long strife, and when a grateful people waited to welcome with joyful acclamations the veteran, returning armies. In the first bitterness of their affliction, father and mother were ready to cry, as we are all wont to cry when trouble overwhelms us. ‘Anything but this !’ It would have been a relief to them had one come and said,—your son is dead. To hear that he had died a soldiers death on the field, to have visited the place of his burial, or to have brought his body home and followed it to the grave covered with the Flag for which he had fought so long and so well, and upon it his sword garlanded with oak or laurel,—there would have been consolation with such a sorrow—had that been the will of God concerning them they could have bowed beneath it with submission. But the thought of what he might even now be suffering, and of the fate that

awaited him, was, or seemed to be more than they could bear. Yet heavy as the blow was, it had not fallen upon them alone. They remembered that in hundreds and thousands of homes prayers and tears were poured forth for those who were perishing in Southern prisons; that the voice of mourning was heard over all the land; and this fact, though it could not lighten their grief gave them strength to be patient and self-composed beneath the weight of it.

Moreover when the first bitter days were passed, and the sharpness of their anguish was softened by the continuous bearing of the burden laid upon them, their hope which had fainted beneath it revived slowly, as a flower lifts itself when the storm that beat it to the earth is abated. There was a bare chance that Daniel might make his escape on the way to Richmond, or the city might soon yield to the power of the great General who was so near it, and their son might be saved from a slow and terrible death: or even should he be driven to a Southern prison was not Sherman with one of the noblest armies ever marshalled, sweeping triumphantly through the centre of the Confederacy to the ocean, and would he not pause

to deliver those of his fellow soldiers who were perishing in the cruellest of bonds! How ardently could they pray now for these suffering men, and for peace won by victory that should bring them relief. Now that God alone could help, how fervently could they plead with Him! How they were consoled in their tribulation, whenever news was flashed through the wires that the Flag was borne aloft and onward. Henceforth their dearest affections and hopes were linked with the fortunes of the National arms far more closely than hitherto; for the fate of their son, according to human judgment could be averted only by rapid decisive victories, that should quell the Rebellion and put an end to the war.

But in Virginia, after the struggles to regain the Weldon Railroad were abandoned, and Warren's corps was firmly planted upon it, a pause ensued in the military operations, in which little or nothing was attempted, beyond the shelling of Petersburg, which city, frequently received from ten to twenty bombs a minute within its limits, and was on fire in several quarters at the same moment. But the citizens were expecting and somewhat prepared for fires, and usually extinguished them before *much* harm was done.

One day early in October when the children asked for the news from Virginia, the father replied that there was none from that quarter. The proverb that 'no news is good news' like many another familiar saying "he continued" is far from being invariably true. Lack of tidings from an army, for instance generally indicates inaction, and that is to soldiers what dull times are to merchants or wet days to farmers.

"I know some news" added Roger, which is only a week or two old. The rebels have been getting in a fresh supply of meat rations and about that time twenty-five hundred cattle saved for Grant's men vanished from Coggin's Point."

"I had forgotten that" said Mr. Warren. Some one blundered in leaving the cattle insufficiently guarded, and some one else was so cowardly as to see them driven away in broad daylight without trying to save them. Our troops lost many good dinners by this mishap, and since it occurred the rebel pickets are fond of calling to our boys 'Say Yanks, what 'll you take for a piece of beef,—dout you want to make a trade?'

Later in the autumn, the period of inaction was interrupted by orders from the Lieut. Gen-

eral who had in view an advance from both extremes of his army ; and then the father, showing the children the war-map of Virginia told them of General Warren's movements on the left, whereby additional ground was won, and new intrenchments thrown up to bring it within our line of defense ; of General Butler who was no longer "bottled up" or if he was, took advantage of his position, and struck at the out-works of Richmond, of his taking Fort Harrison together with fifteen guns, and keeping both despite the efforts made by the enemy to recover them ; and of the closer drawing of our forces, by these movements both about the Confederate capital and the Confederate army.

"Here is Hatcher's Run," said Frank "quite to the southwest of Petersburg. I have read of a young Massachusetts private named Broad who died nobly, either there or in some spot in that neighborhood. He had never been in battle till the day of his death, for he belonged to an ambulance train ; but on that day he went with his regiment to take part in one of the sallies our men have been making against the rebel defences. Our men were inside of their own trenches, but beyond them lay a poor fellow who had been struck with solid shot

and whose leg was nearly cut from his body by it. A few minutes more, and he would bleed to death ; yet if he could be brought in, and have his leg bound up, the flow of blood might be stayed and his life saved. The men knew that to venture beyond the breastworks would call forth a heavy fire from the rebel muskets, and each one was afraid to go, thinking he might lose his life in a useless effort to save his comrade. But young Broad said, 'I will go, I have neither wife nor child to suffer if I am killed'—and urging his way through the flying bullets he lifted the wounded man to his shoulder and bore him safely back to the trenches, saying as he laid him down. 'I hope I have saved your life, for I have lost my own.' He had been wounded on his way back, and did indeed die before the day closed. "I dont believe there are many men," added Frank "who would sacrifice themselves for another as he did."

"No" said Mr. Warren, "not many discern the deep peace and content belonging to a mind capable of such an act. The power to be morally great is of itself the highest happiness that we can have, though this is a truth that we are slow to perceive."

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'He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day.'

Moreover if this young man was a Christian, and surely such an act strongly bespeaks a likeness to the mind of Christ, he had great reward in entering upon endless life and the joy of his Master. Doubtless he heard the greeting of angels and the salutation 'well done, good and faithful servant!'

"Did we get the works at Hatcher's Run?" asked Frank after a moment.

"Some of them; we had the advantage in the days engagement also, though we suffered heavy losses, and had to contend with the obstructions of a densely wooded and swampy country. Some regiments became separated from the main body while on the march, and were endangered by a heavy force of greybacks who had interposed themselves between our troops. But when the rebels, firing and yelling, pursued our fugitives across the cleared space intersected by the Boydton plank-road they were smitten in the flank by Egan's brigades, who had already discerned the possibility of a rout, and the method of preventing it. They swept down the road from two directions, throwing the Butternuts in disorder, taking their

colors and the lost guns. The enemy withdrew greatly discomfited, and as they retreated through the woods, as many as two hundred rebels strayed into General Crawford's lines and were made prisoners. If that General could have known what was occurring within a mile of his position, he might have made the engagement at Hatcher's Run a signal victory, for by a prompt advance at that hour, the rebels could have been dispersed or driven to the waters edge. But it is not easy to seize opportunities in a region of which one is ignorant, and which is difficult to traverse.

While the rebels were fleeing in one quarter they were pressing our troops heavily in the left and rear, where though beaten off, and unable to gain ground, they persisted in their attacks till after nightfall. Then, as our boys had used nearly all their ammunition, and as it was scarcely probable that divisions sent to their help would find their way through the woods in time to reach them by morning when the enemy would be fresh and ready for battle, they were compelled to retire from their position. And this engagement" continued Mr. Warren, "which was fought in the latter part of October is the last one we have heard of in a series of at-

tempts which have been made to turn the rebel army from the west and southwest of Petersburg. In these endeavors we have invariably lost very heavily in prisoners and have failed to accomplish our purpose of flanking the enemy, but our earthworks have been lengthened several miles beyond their first limits, and Grant has established his host in that country south of the James, exactly where General Lee would least prefer to see it. Since last May, six months ago, when the army plunged into the Wilderness, its ranks have been thinned by the loss of a hundred thousand men, as large an army as Napoleon led out of Moscow in his famous retreat from Russia. Three-fourths of this number disabled or killed; the remainder are lying in Southern prisons."

"A hundred thousand men," repeated Frank slowly. "All lost in one campaign?"

"And what has been gained by the payment of this dreadful price?" asked the mother after a moment.

"The real gain is known only to the Lieut-General, for he alone comprehends the connection between the work that has been done and what remains to be done; and how far his purposes for the future are made practicable by the suc-

cesses of the past.

But we know that by a series of battles scarcely equalled in severity by any in the modern history of the world, he has transferred the scene of war from the Rapidan to its present position to the south of Richmond and Petersburg: that he is besieging the latter city, and at the same time confronting the rebel army; that he has endangered the enemy's lines of communication and taken possession of some important positions, that he has steadily confronted and harrassed General Lee, who despite a skilful defence is straightened within ever narrowing limits, and feels the pressure to which he has been subjected for months, ever tightening about his army, while his stubborn and powerful foe shows no sign of abating one jot of his expressed resolution to "fight it out on this line." Through the cold season Lee's army must at any cost be fed and kept together, and with the Spring the combat will be renewed, with determination and vigor on our side, but with small reason for hope or encouragement for the Confederacy. Its resources of men money, and territory are fast failing. Of the men whose names are on its army rolls fully one-half were reported a short time ago as ab-

sent from duty ; its paper dollars are worth but six or seven cents : that is if a man in Richmond buys an article that is sold for one gold dollar, he must pay sixteen or seventeen Confederate dollars for it. Half of the territory originally claimed by the secessionists is now restored to the Union ; and their slaves, the real though involuntary cause of the war, are deserting them at the rate of ten thousand a month. Meanwhile everybody is grumbling ; the people at the rulers, the soldiers at the officers, they in their turn at the Government—it is by no means a happy family—this Confederacy that wishes to be left to itself.

“An incident is told concerning Grant” concluded the father, which shows how a great man may be misjudged before he begins the work for which he was destined. ” A friend of the family, chancing to meet one of its members, asked in the course of Conversation how Ulysses was ‘getting along?’ “He has a clerkship in his brothers tannery” replied the kinsman of Grant, with a slightly dubious gesture “He keeps at work steady, but he’ll never amount to much, to my thinking.” The young man was doing what his hand found to do doubtless ; he was simply biding his time till !

soldier's genius, could find a way to assert itself. But once in his proper place, he had no difficulty in convincing his friends of his power to think and to act, in a manner that far exceeded the capacity of common men.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOUNDED AND PRISONERS.

One afternoon Maedy sat in the door-way, bending over her book and slate, hard at work on the "miscellaneous examples" that were marked for the morrow's arithmetic lesson. Her mother had gone to visit a neighbor: the boys were playing base-ball on the green, and nothing broke the stillness of the house but the song that Lisbeth hummed as she plied her iron in the kitchen, or an occasional shout borne faintly from the ground where the ardent young players applauded the "ins" and "outs" who were dexterous with the ball. The quiet seemed to favor Maedy's task, for though now and then she paused to ponder the figures, or to rub them out and begin again, yet it was easy to perceive that they were all right in the end, by the satisfied look on her face, as the nimble fingers copied one sum after another from the slate to the paper.

They are all right but the last. That is a poser. The child knits her brows, rubs the slate clean, and begins again and again, only to go over the same process, and to stop at the

same point in her ciphering. At last with a little show of impatience, she puts aside her book, sets her "jockey" on her head resolutely, and walks to the maple grove hard by, where the swing hangs empty and alluring. She tries to push it as Frank and Roger do, standing up and "pushing themselves," but the rope is unruly to the impulse of her feet, and there is nothing to do, but to sit on the board, and move herself as best she can, and then 'let the old cat die' which is dull play, especially when one is quite alone. The cat is still gasping, when Maedy hears Roger's whistle and sees that he has already passed the farm gate on his way to the house.

"Hallo Maedy, where are you?" he cries in the next minute as he throws down his bat, his face glowing with the heat and animation of the game. "Zookey! Didn't we beat the Seniors all to nothing! In the eighth inning, they were 'whitewashed,' and we made fourteen runs. We're the champions of Fairbrook, we Juniors are. We had it all our own way through the game. They couldn't stay at the bat, you see.

"What was the score at the close?" asked Maedy.

"Thirty-two to six. "What do you leave

your things here for. I came within an inch of stepping on your slate and breaking it to flinders."

"I was so tired puzzling over that horrid old sum that I forgot to put it away. Can you show me about it Roge? Not do it, you know—but only tell me the mistake. I've tried fifty times, I do believe and it won't come right. Here it is. "A cistern is filled by a pipe in five and one-third hours, and so on. It would be easy, except for the leak: that let out five-sixths of a gallon of water in thirty-eight minutes, and the answer is in barrels. Subtracting, reducing—nothing that I can think of, will bring it."

"Multiplication is vexation

Division is as bad:

The Rule of Three,—

Oh they're a bully old set,—hard as a hickory knot," exclaims Roger breaking off his song, as he glances over the page. "I went down three in the class, when we were in those old buffers. Let's see, hand us the slate, Maedy." Then follows a deal of rubbing and head-scratching on the part of Roger, which, added to some counsel on the part of Maedy, finally produces a good result, for ere long Roger exclaims "Hold on.

It is coming out right. There—six hundred and thirty gallons, now divide by thirty-one and a half and it gives you barrels—twenty barrels. there's your answer!"

"So it is!" replies Maedy with mingled surprise and satisfaction. "I don't just see how we got, it but Mr. Walker will explain it all to-morrow. Our arithmetic lessons are getting real hard now. Only see these sums we shall have in our next lesson! Oh dear!" sighing half seriously as she closes the book. "I wish every day that Aunt Ellen was at home again. She helped us over all the hard places, never mind where they were—in sewing a seam, or getting a lesson, or anything else."

"I wish she *was* back," echoed Roger, "that is I wish she'd done up all her work for the sick soldiers. Didn't she make my kite look splendidly with gold-paper figures? And there wasn't a boy in the village that had such an elegant long tail as mine,—a boy's kite I mean," he adds, anticipating Maedy's laugh. "Aunt Ellen is as good as a Dictionary for knowledge," he adds in the next moment. "I used to hunt out words in it and ask her what they meant; and, unless they were the most outlandish kind she always could tell."

But good Aunt Ellen, beloved of the children is still absent, ministering to her noble, suffering patients, and no number of wishes, nor anything less than urgent necessity would take her from her post as yet, for her hands, heart, and head are consecrated to the service into which she has entered. It is easy even for the children to perceive this by the tone of the letters she sends from time to time. Soon after the opening of the Spring campaign she wrote from Fredericksburg.

"Do send me your news of Daniel. Dear fellow! I search with painful anxiety, among the multitude of the upturned faces of my patients, and am continually grateful when I am assured that he is not among the number who are brought in from day to day. I came hither a fortnight ago with Miss Dix, our Superintendent of nurses. The old war-blasted city is converted into one vast hospital crowded with mangled men; and here we realise as perhaps we could not elsewhere what is the price of blood that is being paid for the nation's existence. We have worked from early dawn till past midnight, at cooking, washing wounds, cheering the sick, sustaining the dying, and yet men are languishing for want of care. At City Point, also the wounded are conveyed in equal numbers. I send you some extracts from the report of Mrs.

Lee, who is now there. This excellent woman is one of the most efficient of our corps of nurses—an ardent worker for Christ and the country. In one of the battles she stood wiping dishes by a cooking tent near the field: and when it was told her that the enemy was baffled and had withdrawn from before our defences, she waved her towel in lieu of a flag, and joined in the general acclamation with which the news was welcomed; nor could she restrain her joy and gratitude until she had gathered a little company about her, and had offered thanks to God on her knees for the deliverance of her people. She writes:

‘I am oppressed with grief at the loss of one of my noblest patients. Major Smith of the First Delaware, a man whose death is a personal affliction to myself, and whom the country could ill afford to spare at this eventful hour. His was a valiant and sincere soul. When his friends begged him to be more careful he would reply, ‘I cannot, and I ought not, for my life is not more precious than any other soldier’s.’ When they bade him guard his life for his mother’s sake, he would say ‘But I am not better than other mother’s sons.’ When the surgeon, who had amputated his limbs, perceived that he could not rally, and told him so, he thanked him for his services, saying ‘You have done all you could for me, but God has overruled your efforts,—assuredly to some wise end.’ He died

while sending a message to his mother, by a younger brother. Near him lay an officer from Pennsylvania, also dying. He had been badly wounded in both thighs, and had lost an arm, but continued in the service, saying when his friends remonstrated. 'I gave my arm for the cause; if it needs my life I am willing to give that also.' Indeed before leaving home to begin this campaign he bade wife and children a last adieu, saying that he had little hope of seeing them again on earth.

I believe I have already described to you our good 'Mother Husband' a lady of wealth and culture who has left her luxurious home, and high position, in order to devote herself entirely to our soldiers. In the Third Corps Hospital, the one delightful event of the day is her visit to the invalids. Moving down the wards noiselessly wearing a soft dress made for her work, and a capacious apron whose row of deep pockets are always full when she sets forth, and always empty when she has made her round, she bears with her a benediction of mercy, and consolation that seem to cast an illumination as of sunlight about each hospital cot. What a receptacle of good cheer is her apron! Out of it come, newspapers, apples, socks, Testaments, handkerchiefs,—something for everyone, and the poor sick men are for the time as happy over their gifts as a child with a new toy. Pallid faces radiant and beautiful with joy, greet her approach; loving and ardent exclamations follow

her as she moves around on her merciful mission. 'God bless her! is echoed from one end of the ward to the other. 'Who am I, that you, a fine lady, should be so good to me,' exclaims one poor lad. Her gracious presence, and her loving heart make each man think of his mother. 'You look like my mother—Your hand is as soft as my Mother's—Your voice is just like my Mother's,' they exclaim, and thus she has come to be called 'Mother' by everyone. One invalid told me that from the first day he had seen her face as she passed by, he had felt no pain whatever; others say when they are suffering the recollections of her last visit will sooth them. So much is the power of making happy allied to the power of healing.

I was struck with the prayer of a dying man, brought in from the explosion of the Petersburg mine, the scenes in the hospital next day, were appalling. Amid the groans and sighs of departing souls, one of the mortally wounded died saying. 'I shall never see my home again. Perhaps they will never hear of this; but Lord, dont *you* forget me.'

The next letter was from Annapolis, whither Aunt Ellen had returned to the charge of the wretched exchanged prisoners.

"When the boat-loads arrive" she wrote, "the condition of the hapless men, seems at first sight, utterly hopeless, and I often exclaim to myself, as

I begin my tasks. 'My poor boys! Death will soon relieve you from an existence which will only be horrible to endure!' In truth, many of them are rescued thus from further strife with the waves of this troublesome life in which they had suffered so bitterly.

But few if any of those who survive, again draw the ramrod,—they have no sinewy right arms to wield for the country,—the pale blood that moves sluggishly in their veins, is henceforth of no use to her. Many a poor man as he reclines by the wind-whistling, wistfully gazing northward knows that he will never see again with the bodily eye, the hunting cabin amid the pine trees of Maine, or the mountain farm-house of New Hampshire, or the log-built home on the prairie. He can only wait with patience and silence, till the Great Deliverer shall release him from the bondage wherewith he was bound by his enemy.

Early in the Spring we received a boat-load of men from Belle Isle, the Libby, Salisbury and Andersonville. Such strange, ghostly creatures in human form, as they were it is impossible to describe. Their bodies could hardly be called alive, although a vital spark yet lingered, and glimmered like a dying ember shrouded in ashes. Their skin was of the color and texture of old parchment, through it the bones protruded; their hair matted with filth, their eyes were stony, their limbs were decayed and corrupted like those of a be-

long dead. The surgeons cut them off *with scissors*, above the ankle! Such unfortunates are at first too weak to care for food, but those who can speak, express their joy at getting back to God's country, as if they had been in a region shut out from Him, like that of the evil spirits. They look in silent wonder at the clothes, the handkerchief fragrant with cologne, the faces of those who cheer them with smiles and hopeful affectionate words. They are like men awaking from a long night-mare, who have not fully regained their consciousness. I cannot always maintain a calm exterior amid these shadows of former men, especially when a flash of the old fire kindles in their weary breasts. As we were listening to the recital of a convalescent group one day, my friend Miss Hall exclaimed 'Boys how could you live through such torments? I should think you would have died to the last man, in that horrible place'—Instantly a number of voices answered in succession, 'We were in the right cause,—Yes, we knew we were—that's what kept the life in us!' Then a grim old Tennessean, called through his shaggy, weather-beaten beard 'T'was the Flag that kept us up; we hoped to see it again some day; we'd have all perished if we'd been rebels, just out of downheartedness, that's for certain.' 'I can't imagine anything more terrible than the stockade at Andersonville,' said a man at another time to me, 'It made me more afraid of hell, than all the sermons I ever heard—to think

of living forever in such a place!" And another famished lad whose eyes gleamed with mingled pain and gratitude said he thought it had done him good. 'I shall try to be a better boy now that I've got out,' he added. 'This is a very good time to begin,' I suggested. 'I have begun already,' he replied, drawing a Testament from under the mattress, 'I promised God, that if ever he did deliver me from that torment, I would never forget him any more, and I read this every day, in order to remember my promise!' Of the suffering that we are helpless to assuage, of the cries and pleadings of those who long for food but are too far gone to take it, I cannot bear to tell you. Such voices ring for days in our ears, after the poor boys are at rest in an endless sleep; such impressions cling painfully to the memory, long after the suffering souls have entered into peace. But I cannot forbear to tell you something of noble Sergeant Armstrong of Pittsburg, a patient who won the interest and respect of every attendant in the hospital. He was wounded before being taken, and when a prisoner was forced to march more than a hundred and eighty miles to the stockade. The wound opened afresh; gangrene ensued, and thus when he became useless, (the rebels never send us any men but such as they have tortured into incapacity*for military service) he was exchanged. 'The noblest Roman of them all,' I used to think as I passed the couch on which he lay bolstered,

his calm, grave eyes noting every movement, and fathoming every character about him. Tortured by his wound, sinking steadily into the grave, there was nevertheless, a strong inward life in this man, high and serene, that created a moral atmosphere felt throughout the whole ward. The men forgot their complainings, the anguish, and troubles of their lives in the presence of this elevated spirit, who, invested with manly patience and fortitude was already the victor of death. He had been studying in order to enter the ministry, when the rallying call rung through the land. He had enlisted forthwith in the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, and had great influence in his regiment as a soldier, a scholar, and a noble spirit. He entered the ranks as he said, simply because it was 'good to serve the country, and suffer for it.' Glancing at the books which had been his companions at the picket-stand, or by the camp fire, and which now lay at hand as a solace to his pain, it was easy to perceive why he was greater and better than his comrades. There were the Scriptures, with leaves turned down in the writings of Moses, David, and Solomon. There were Homer and Seneca, and the campaigns of 'the foremost man of all this world' great Cæsar,—well annotated with the readers own thoughts. Other classic books were in the pile, and wherever a passage illustrating fortitude virtue, or faith occurred, it was carefully marked. We did not offer to him the sympathy which he

gave freely to those about him, for he was a kingly soul, and 'sat apart' holding converse with the King of kings, amid his trial, even as the three Hebrews of old talked with Him in the fire. A soldier nurse of the ward, young Adams was Armstrong's nearest friend, the two having left Pittsburg in the same company, and continuing comrades of war till parted by the capture of the latter. And what a devoted friend and nurse did Adams prove in this time of trouble! There he sat day and night, every sense quickened to foresee the wants of his patient whose strong frame yielded certainly but with painful slowness to the poison of his disease. At length after two weeks of continued agony his reason was impaired. Wandering strains of music, fine passages from the Greek orators, chants from the Psalmist and Prophets were mingled with broken sentences and occasional moans of distress, all revealing a mind lofty even in its ruins. Thus his strength was slowly sapped till one morning when at the first bugle, we hastened to the ward, we saw the officer of the day binding the chin-cloth about his statue-like face, while beside the noble figure sat Adams, his face buried in his hands, his frame shaking by the grief that must have way. Since that day, he cannot hear Armstrong's name mentioned without a quiver of emotion passing over his unusually calm and thoughtful face.

Such examples of moral and religious excellence

So these humble, unknown heroes present to us day by day, examples whose precious and ennobling influence whole coffers of gold could not purchase for us. As I have repeatedly affirmed the reward of our work is a hundred fold greater than our desert. I have been lifted up in heart and soul, by my intercourse with our brave patient suffering men; they are not our debtors but we are theirs.

Ours is a most gracious service. It blesses them that give and them that receive, but more abundantly the former.

All of us, soldiers and nurses are talking of peace. There is a general impression abroad that Grant and Sherman will bring the rebellion to an end ere many months, and that our doubtful days are all past. May these things be! At times I long for the rest and soothing quiet of home but as wounded men and exchanged prisoners need my care, I must remain with them, my tenderest love to Maedy and the boys, who I hope are not in danger of forgetting their ever affectionate

AUNT ELLEN."

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAIDERS, AND THE STORY OF "LITTLE PHIL."

"General Lee is assuredly being cramped in to closer and closer quarters," remarked Mr. Warren, one evening as he paused in a talk with the boys to examine the war-map. "Look at his position now, he has no longer the freedom of Virginia as he had last year, but his host must stand watching in its works about Petersburg and Richmond. If they move elsewhere these cities are imperilled, and if they remain quiet their surrender is, as poor Daniel affirmed, only a question of time."

"But some of the rebels did come northward, you know," interposed Frank, "How excited everybody was when they threatened Washington, last July,—was it? That is something I can't understand,—how they could travel way up to Washington, and make such a commotion, while Grant as every one said, was holding Lee's army in a tight grip at Petersburg."

"They made a great disturbance, it is true, and their operations in the Shenandoah, and advance upon the Capitol, were not checked without loss of money and men. But we must bear in mind

that this raid was undertaken for, the single purpose of compelling Grant to raise the siege of Petersburg; that it utterly failed in this object; that the raiding force was comparatively small, and made up by recent conscriptions more than by a withdrawal of Lee's available forces in the field, and that the rebel General was not allowed this summer to make his usual trip northward. Moreover, it is very much to be doubted whether he will ever attempt another such expedition; his fate is closing about him, and already his detached force has paid dearly for their first successes in the valley."

"When they defeated Sigel, do you mean?" asked Frank. "Yes they routed his men with heavy loss to our side, at Newmarket, about the middle of May. And about the same, time John Morgan, the guerilla,—you remember the man that escaped from the Penitentiary last year,—worsted our cavalry commanded by Gen. Averill, near the lead mines of Wytheville. The fault of these mishaps was ours, for our forces were too scattered as we learned by a series of adverse experiences. Gen. Hunter followed Averill, but was still more unfortunate, owing to the same reason. Had our troops been united under the leadership of an able man, Western

Virginia might have been promptly cleared of the invaders."

"But Hunter was successful at first, as I remember," remarked Mrs. Warren.

"Yes, at Piedmont he routed the enemy, and their commander, General Jones, was left dead on the field; but Hunter failed at Lynchburg, when on the eighteenth of June he met the superior force which Lee had sent thither to defend the place. After losing eight hundred men, our General withdrew toward Western Virginia, urging his way through a thinly settled, war-wasted tract of country, in which both man and beast suffered extremely for want of food, and it was not till after many days of wearisome marching that his men were brought again within fighting distance of the enemy. What was worse, Hunter's retreat was the signal for a second advance of the rebels. They landed north of the Potomac early in July, their cavalry scoured the border far and wide, destroying important railroads, burning buildings, seizing live stock, levying tribute, and laying hands on whatever they could devour or bear away."

"I remember that time," cried Roger, "It seemed as if the whole country was buxticated. Twenty thousand rebels marching on Washing-

‘ was the cry ; and all the militia was called ;—such a scare !”

“It was indeed a time of some peril, and such alarm,” said Mr. Warren, smiling at Roger’s recollection of it. “A large proportion of the people in the southern counties of the Middle States have been disposed you know, to sympathise with the Confederate cause, but their opinions obtained for them no favor from our raiders. The latter did not distinguish between friend and foe, but cared only to secure the booty they could lay hands on.”

“I guess the rebels don’t think any more of Copperhead than we do,” exclaimed Roger. “It’s a kind of ‘varmint’ that doesn’t make friends with much of anything. I’m sure if any one ought to suffer, Copperheads should, they’re always abusing the Government and they don’t deserve to be taken care of, by it. I read of one old chap, who ‘sympathised’ with the rebellion, a little rather more than he wanted to, but since the rebel troopers left for the north I don’t believe he has any more sympathy to waste on them.”

“What did they do to him ?” asked Frank.

“They just took him at his word. He had a fine farm and plenty of live stock. His house

and granaries were full; and his heart was full of hope, that his friends the Butternuts would treat him well. Accordingly when they came within sight of Hagerstown, he walked out to their lines waving a napkin from the end of his cane, as a token of peace, and asked to be introduced to the General. When brought to headquarters he made his little speech, 'General, I am a warm sympathiser with your cause, and have been so from the beginning. I wish you all success, both in this expedition, and in your other efforts to establish the Confederacy. While you stay in the neighborhood, I shall be much pleased to entertain yourself and staff at my house on the hill yonder,' pointing to a comfortable mansion, with a back ground of hay ricks and barns.

'Ah!' said the General blandly, 'your sympathies are with the South then?'

'Very earnestly I assure you,' says the old chap.

The General turned to a sergeant who stood near. 'Bring a musket for this man and give him a place in the ranks,' he ordered.

The sympathiser looked scared at this and appeared shaky round the knees. He didn't mean that exactly,—wasn't prepared to go in just then.

But he would like to entertain the General and Staff, and show them that he was a friend to their cause.

‘The sympathy that we care for, must be attended with some sacrifice,’ replied the General shortly. Then he sent a train of waggons to the old chap’s farm, and had them packed with all the provisions that could be carried away. His barns were emptied, his house pillaged, his live stock driven to the Confederate lines, and the teamsters let their horses into his oat fields. When the rebels had taken everything they wanted, they thanked the farmer for his sympathy, and sent him home. And they served him just right, I say.”

“If their robberies had been practised merely upon the disloyal we could not complain, but they made their raid forever infamous by outrages and cruelties inflicted on faithful, industrious citizens, even on women and children,” said the Father.

“Why didn’t the Government send out soldiers against them?” asked Frank.”

“None could be spared from Grant’s army, and though most of the border towns had been garrisoned, the number of men actually guarding them was very small, inasmuch as many had been sent with the recruits of the summer

to fill up the ranks of the main army. General Lewis Wallace, commanding in Maryland, made a determined and most timely effort to stem the advancing torrent, with his little army of three thousand gathered at Frederick, not far from Baltimore. He met the rebels on the eighth of July, near the Monocacy River, where he resisted them valiantly for several hours, holding, when all other ground was lost, a stone bridge on the Baltimore road, till far into the afternoon. When at last it was abandoned, the command having dwindled to a thousand men the General and staff who had defended it were forced to flee and scatter in the woods in order to escape capture at the hands of the advancing host.

Had Wallace been re-enforced by certain regiments that failed to appear in time, he would not probably have been repulsed, but as it was, the discomfiture was not without advantage: it gained time that was invaluable to us, for now a large force was hastening to the rescue of the imperilled Border. Next day when the hostile cavalry drew near Baltimore, the men who had been foremost in the riot of '61 talked jubilantly of "the army of liberation" that was coming to their help. But thousands of strong and loyal citizens were ready for in-

stant work. Guards were stationed on all the roads, intrenchments were speedily dug, and the enemy finding every path of approach well barred, contented himself with burning a railroad bridge, and robbing the mails and passengers of a train going Northward, and then turned his face toward Washington."

"Did they really attack Washington," asked Maedy. "With Grant and the army, far away at Petersburg I don't wonder that the people were frightened."

"The rebels appeared in force on the morning of the eleventh before Fort Stevens, within six miles of the city limits. But providentially, as it seemed, on the very day when all hope of saving the Capital was well-nigh relinquished the two corps ordered up by the Lieut-General, arrived. Next day when a Federal brigade, sallied from the Fort and after a spirited skirmish, drove the Confederates a mile from their position, it became evident to their General, Jubal Early, that forty thousand men inside of strong defences were more than a match for fifteen thousand exposed rebels: for he was, apparently doubtful of the truth of the Southern maxim: 'One Southerner can whip five Yankees.' Accordingly he retired across the

Potomac taking with him an immense booty in horses and cattle, but not covered with the glory which he had hoped to win by this expedition. For some reason that I cannot understand, he was not pursued; he was therefore emboldened by the time he reached Martinsburg, to fall upon the command of General Crooks, who was taken by surprise and fell back in disorder. Twelve hundred men were thus lost to us, including General Mulligan, who, as Colonel, conducted the famous defense of Lexington, Missouri, in the first year of the war. The greatest excitement prevailed the whole region, for though Early, it is true had retired from Washington, yet he was still in Maryland, and the Border lay again at his mercy."

"The militia were set to the work of defence, and the President called for half a million more men for the army. Lee had expected, by sending Early northward, to draw off General Grant or at least a considerable part of his force, but our General was neither to be fought nor frightened away. He remained obstinately quiet, and kept his men watching at their outlooks of Petersburg and Richmond."

"But the greybacks did a great deal of harm," *added Frank.* "They went into Pennsylvania,

—was'nt it after they threatened Washington, that they did so much harm in that state?"

"Yes, their conduct at Chambersburg proved them to be about as ruffianly a horde as Quantrell's guerrillas. The troopers rode into the town one day toward the last of July, and ordered the court-house bell to be rung for the assembling of a public meeting; and when some citizens appeared, an order was proclaimed demanding a hundred thousand dollars in gold, or five times as much in greenbacks,—half a million dollars, and the town to be burned in case of failure of immediate payment."

"Mighty Caesar! did the people pay it?" asked Rodger, as his father paused in the narrative.

"They made answer that they were neither able nor willing to raise such an enormous sum,—that the order was an outrage and a violation of the laws of warfare: and that a General who should sanction it would be esteemed infamous by the civilized world. But in spite of their indignant remonstrance, a fire was speedily kindled by pouring kerosene oil upon burning stuff in various quarters of the town, and lighting it, while the infirm and aged, with the women and children were left to escape from the burning buildings as they could. The

scenes that followed were as heart-rending as those that were witnessed at Lawrence. Houses were fired before the inmates were ordered out; no delay was allowed in which the people could save their goods; on the contrary we heard of numerous cases of citizens threatened with instant death, if they made an effort to take their clothing or other portables from the general ruin. The freebooters would burst open the doors of a house, smash the furniture with an axe, fire it with burning fluid and matches, and while the terrified families were fleeing, laid hold of whatever valuables they could discover."

"The town has suffered before from the outrages of rebels," continued Mr. Warren. "In '62 it was entered by Stuart's cavalry, and in '63 by part of Lee's army, but its previous troubles were slight compared with those of that thirtieth of July. Every house was plundered by the marauders. They held their pistols at the heads of the inmates, and uttered the robber's cry 'Your money or your life.' Not unfrequently they demanded a ransom for the building, but as soon as the money was obtained the house was fired. Invalids were borne into *the streets* on couches, which in many instances

were scorched by the flames, for half the town was burning at once. Some persons escaped destruction by wrapping themselves in blankets and rushing through the fire that consumed their homes. The Court House, the churches, and all other public buildings were destroyed; the streets were horrible with the glare of the fires, and tumultuous with the shouts of the rebels, and the cries of women and children. Thus within two hours, a prosperous, elegant town was laid in ruins; three million dollars worth of property was destroyed, three thousand people engaged only in the peaceful industries of life were left homeless and penniless."

"Now that you have described the burning of the town," said Mrs. Warren, "I recall some incidents that I read of it, in the accounts of its destruction. The men entered one house, as I remember, that was the home of an aged couple, and when the wife remonstrated at their ruthlessness, they thrust her into a room already fired, locked the door, and left her to perish; but after they had departed her daughter burst the door open and rescued her. Another aged woman who had fainted from fear, they left to die in her house; a neighbor brought her out in time to save her. One poor woman, the

widow of a Union soldier, fell on her knees before the troopers, and begged them to spare her home for the sake of her group of little ones. But the wretches were merciless; they burnt her house and robbed her of ten dollars all the money she had in the world."

"In another house," she continued, "lay a dead mother, and a dying baby; yet the men would not spare the dwelling. A friend who was leaving it, bearing the child in her arms held the pale, troubled little face before a trooper, and asked, 'Is such a revenge sweet? Whereupon the man, hardened though he was, burst into tears.'"

"Some of them were men enough to feel compunction for the atrocious deeds they were committing, added the father. "A certain Captain was detailed with a squad of soldiers to burn an elegant residence on the outskirts of the town. While plundering the place he came upon a writing table, containing private letters which he amused himself with reading. The lady of the house assured him that they belonged to herself, that her husband's private papers were kept elsewhere; but that she had one letter which she would willingly allow him to read. It was from a rebel who had been taken

prisoner, and who had received much kindness from her hands; probably while he was in the hospital at Chambersburg. The letter was full of grateful expressions, and the Captain's heart softened as he read. 'It is a shame to burn this house!' he exclaimed, 'It is a shame!' But the flames were already kindled, and it was soon consumed to the ground."

"Another lady whose five children gathered about her affrighted and weeping, as they were driven from their home; bade them dry their tears, 'Do not cry before such men as these!' she said, 'They are bringing ruin upon their countrymen! They would destroy their own nation. They are traitors!' The children ceased to weep, and stood with their mother, silent and abhorrent, till the men went elsewhere."

"Some few houses, remote from the business part of the town were spared through the influence of a good lady who lived in one of them. Her house was doomed to burning like the others, but when the officer leading the soldiers, entered her door, she detained him a moment on the threshold, and pointing to the sad procession issuing from the town she said, 'Sir, are you not yet satisfied? We have a home, and if you destroy it we can build another; but can

you spare no homes for those helpless women and children? When you and I and they shall meet before the Great Judge, can you justify this act?" The officer hesitated, then ordered his men away, and left the place unharmed. Such was the power of right words from the lips of a Christian woman."

"I know that the rebels have often been guilty of violating the laws of war," said Mrs. Warren, "but I did not suppose that Lee, who has always been held up as a model gentleman and soldier, would allow any part of his command to commit such outrages."

"He has never countenanced the practice of warring against civilians," said Mr. Warren, "although Governor Letcher of Virginia expressed his approval of such a course, but a short time before the burning of Chambersburg. In a printed hand bill he urged the people to fight as 'bushwhackers;' that is to fire upon our men covertly, wherever they could shoot them with safety, and thereby to carry on the war independantly of all military orders.

"But a swift punishment overtook the rebel Early, for his crimes," he continued, "the whole country was aroused by the destruction of Chambersburg. Pittsburg, supposed to be the

next place of attack, was forthwith prepared for a vigorous defence, while from every quarter troops gathered to join in the chase of the freebooters. Gen. Averill struck their column at Moorefield in Western Virginia, and routed them, capturing many waggons and guns together with five hundred prisoners. And Early's doom was sealed when a few days later an order was issued appointing General Philip Sheridan Commander of the new Middle Department, including in its boundaries the whole of that Border region whose fields had been trampled on from year to year by the hosts of Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, Early, and other of Lee's lieutenants; but in which our banners have been set of late by this vigorous soldier, who, in accepting the post, received full power to act according to his own discretion. The beautiful Shenandoah is still lighted with war-fires, but it is now astir with the blaze and tumult of victory."

"Little Phil!" exclaimed Roger. "'The man that rode from Winchester, twenty miles away, and whipped the grey-backs out of their boots!' I've a place saved for his picture in my Portrait Gallery."

"Yes," said the father, "he's the man that

used up Early. The two rivals met each other first on the nineteenth of September by the Opequan Creek, near Winchester. In order to drive the rebels from the natural stronghold which they occupied, Sheridan was compelled to defile his troops through a narrow ravine enclosed by steep, wooded hills, and before they could charge, a narrow valley must be crossed, bordered with woods, and exposed to the hostile fire. The advance however was made and the outer line of works carried valiantly, when the onset of fresh divisions sent forward by Early routed our men with great loss of life. Our officers fell fast under a continuous fire of artillery, while their regiments, reduced in some instances to two score men grouped around the colors, were driven back toward the pass by which they had entered the field. But the conduct of an Iowa captain, supported by a dozen adherents, soon changed the forlorn aspect of the retreat; for when these men had retired to the narrow passage assigned as the rallying point, they faced to the front and sent three hearty cheers ringing over the field to the rebels. The other troops took heart at the sound, and rejoined them. A battery was posted, and when the enemy advanced toward it, he was met with such a volley

from the newly formed line, as made him turn upon his heel. The crisis of the day was safely passed, though the battle was hardly fought for hours thereafter. In the afternoon shouts are heard in the distance; they come from a body of our troopers who have fallen on the enemy's flank. At the sound the fire breaks anew along our lines, and when the cartridges are spent, a Vermont Colonel orders his men to 'advance on the double-quick and charge with the bayonet.' The other Colonels are eager to follow his example, although the general officers shout 'Halt! Lie down and wait for supports!' In the meantime, as the men pause ardent but doubtful, a staff officer rides to the front, and points with his sabre to the woods that shelter the rebels. Then the whole line plunges forward as one man, cheering as it goes. The woods are cleared, the greybacks flee pell-mell, hotly pursued till dark. Before the race is given over, they have lost two Generals, three guns, and men captured to the number of three thousand."

"This battle of Opequan Creek was the beginning of the end in the Shenandoah Valley. It is hardly probable that the Confederates will ever invade it again."

"But what became of Early?" asked Frank.

“He fell back to Fisher’s Hill, a position between two mountains—said to be the strongest place of defence in the Valley. Sheridan followed him thither, struck him in the front and rear at once and sent him flying again. The exhausted rebels now dispersed in scattering groups to the mountains, eager to hide anywhere out of Sheridan’s sight. But he scented their trail, captured their supplies, tore up their railroads, burnt their bridges and also a Confederate tannery. Moreover as he passed up the Valley, he executed an order previously issued by Grant, which commanded that nothing should be left in it to invite the enemy to return. Such provisions as were needed for the army were carried away: and all that remained over, amounting as Sheridan reports to “two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay and farming implements,” were destroyed. In addition, seventy mills filled with flour were burned, and all the live stock were either killed or driven before the army, so that this garden of Virginia, hitherto one of the most beautiful and fruitful valleys of the whole country, was laid utterly waste, and of all its abundance, literally nothing was left for the sustenance of man or beast.”

“That was hard for the dwellers in the Val-

ley," said the mother. "If the order was not really necessary, it would surely be a very cruel one. It brought ruin upon hundreds of families, who had always lived in abundance, and whose wealth lay chiefly in their stores of grain, and their flocks and herds. Like the fugitives of East Tennessee, these once happy people have been forced to leave their homes and wander to other regions in search of food and shelter."

"It was undoubtedly a severe and doubtful resort," replied Mr. Warren, "and none but those in authority can judge whether it was justified as a military necessity. The massacre of Laurence, the burning of Chambersburg, the outrages of scores of guerilla bands, had been endured without an attempt to retaliate upon those who committed or permitted them.

"Moreover, it was plain to our military authorities, that so long as any considerable force could find subsistence in this Valley, just so long would the North be exposed to the violence of rebel raids. And after Early's threatened attack upon Washington, and the destruction of Chambersburg, the necessity of preventing similar calamities was plain, if it had never been so before. Some of the people of the valley were loyal, it is true, and others were

Quakers and Tunkers, religious sects who have conscientious scruples against taking an active part in the war; yet a much greater number were bitter Secessionists, and Sheridan affirms that every train of his, every small party, every straggler, had been 'bushwhacked,' by the people, many of whom had protection papers from Confederate officers. Our General was not disposed to treat the murderers of his men with leniency. As a punishment for the murder of an engineer, he ordered the burning of all the houses within an area of five miles.

"As he returned up the Valley, he inflicted another chastisement upon the enemy's cavalry, which had been hanging upon the rear of his army. He pursued them many miles, taking a large amount of spoils, and when Early made another attempt to surprise our keen-eyed General, he succeeded only in bringing disaster upon himself again."

"But when was it that Sheridan rode down from Winchester?" asked Roger, "You haven't told us about that yet."

"It occurred later, on the nineteenth of October. Sheridan supposing that his foe was not in condition to try the chances of another battle, had gone on a flying visit to Washington,

when Early determined to make one more effort to retrieve his fortunes, by surprising the army of West Virginia in its camp by Cedar Creek. His force by leaving the main road, and pursuing toilsome mountain paths through the night in silence—they had even left their canteens behind for fear that they would clatter against their muskets—reached the camp and surrounded it while the occupants were still asleep. Awakened by the salute of hostile muskets, seeing but dimly in the early dawn, and deprived of the inspiring presence of their General, the men were confounded, the officers paralysed. Amazement and confusion overcame the stoutest hearts, while the exultant rebels poured into the trenches, turned the guns upon the disordered ranks before they had time to load their muskets, and made prisoners as fast as they could lay hands upon them. In fifteen minutes after the first onset, Sheridan's army was scattering in all directions from the camp, a routed, fugitive host. Resistance in such circumstances was impossible. A general retreat therefore was ordered, while the rebels, hungry, thirsty and wearied by their night-march, took possession of the camp with all its equipage, its armament of twenty-four guns,

and twelve hundred prisoners."

"What a sorry plight after all their brilliant achievements!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren. "Themselves driven forth as fugitives, their general absent, and such a story to tell him when he returned!"

"He was already on his way back to them. The night of the rebels' march he had passed tranquilly at Winchester, but in the morning his ear caught the distant roll of the cannon, twenty miles away. A good soldier is quick to discern the signs of battle, as a good sailor perceives by slight indications the changes of wind and weather. You've heard, perhaps, of Sherman's hearing the gun at Vicksburg?"

"No,—what about it?" asked the children.

"One evening he sat at head-quarters talking with the other generals while the roll of many guns from the beleagured forts, troubled the distant air. Suddenly he paused and bent his head as if to listen, 'They've mounted another gun; Don't you hear?' he asked. 'No;' amid the continuous growling from the iron throats, no one could detect the salute of the new gun. 'But I am right, nevertheless,' answered Sherman. 'I know the voice of a gun, as a man knows the voice of a foe;' and calling for his

horse, he rode forth into the night; an hour afterward he returned, flushed, and warm. 'What news?' asked his companions. 'We've picked off the gunners, and we shall dislodge the gun at sunrise,' said Sherman as he threw himself upon his couch.

"Sheridan could'nt pick off the gunners quite so speedily, but he gave the rein to his good steed who sped over the ground like one of the fabled coursers which drew the chariot of the Sun. By ten o'clock he had come up with the stragglers, of whom there are always an abundance after a mishap like that of the morning. As the General galloped past them, he waved his hat shouting 'Face the other way, my men,' we are going back to camp! Come with me, and we'll chase the rebels out of their boots.' He had no reproaches for any of them—no words but those of confidence and cheer.

"Soon the news was echoed from mouth to mouth, 'Sheridan has come!' As he rode up and down the lines, greeting the men,—for Gen. Wright, the commander in charge, had already drawn them up in order, he said: 'If I had been here, my men, this would never have happened, but we'll have the camps back again right away!' And

his confident manner and inspiring influence put new life into the hearts of the soldiers. They went back and nearly fulfilled Sheridan's predictions of 'chasing the rebels out of their boots.' They drove them out of camp, charging upon them with great destruction, recovered all their guns with twenty-eight new ones, took large spoils and fifteen hundred prisoners.

Thus by the power of one man was triumph wrought out of defeat, and the day whose dawn was ushered in with alarm and disaster, closed upon wearied but rejoicing troops resting securely on their own camping grounds."

The evening was far spent;—no more stories could be told that night, but the next 'Weekly' contained a portrait of Sheridan which Roger kept for his gallery, leaving the accompanying poem for Frank's scrap-book. "It is a noble memorial of the famous ride," said his parents, as he read it to them aloud:

"Up, from the South at break of day,
Bringing from Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good broad highway leading down;
 And there, through the flush of the morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle's flight;
 As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with his utmost speed:
 Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
 Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire:
 But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
 He is sniffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
 Of stragglers; and then the retreating troops:
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of hurrahs,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
 With foam and with dust the black charger was grey;
 By the flash of the eye, and the red nostrils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say,—
 'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down, to save the day.'

170 THE WORK OF THE TWO GREAT CAPTAINS.

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!

Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,

Under the dome of the Union sky,—

The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—

Then with the glorious general's name,

Be it said in letters both bold and bright,

‘Here is the steed that saved the day,

By carrying Sheridan into the fight

From Winchester, twenty miles away!’”

CHAPTER VIII.

A RECORD OF NOBLE WOMEN. RAIDERS THE SEA-COAST AND OCEAN.

THE following week brought another budget of letters and Sanitary bulletins from Aunt Ellen, who wrote :

“We are again crowded with work by the recent battles before Petersburg, and by Sheridan’s operations in the Valley. I had become rather worn by my winter’s confinement in the hospital, and allow myself therefore an occasional period of field service as is the custom with the nurses, when overworked indoors. The change is sure to refresh and restore us. While spending a few days at Cedar Creek, I met Bridget Divers, a humble, heroic woman, who came out with the First Michigan cavalry in the beginning of the war, and who has always remained with it, enduring great hardships, and acting in the various capacities of nurse, hospital steward, surgeon, and in any other way by which she can serve her men. Her work is like that of Anna Etheridge, another noted nurse from Michigan. They say that Bridget is better than many a surgeon in the treatment of wounds; which may well be, for she has had two of the best teachers, experience and enthusiasm.

In the absence of a chaplain, she obtains reading matter from the Christian Commission for her men; for her interest in their minds and hearts is not less than her care for their bodily comfort. Under the guise of a poor toiling woman she bears a sterling character and a true heart; which cause her to be deservedly loved and trusted by all who know her. She is acquainted with the details of the lives of the men, in her regiment, brigade and division; hence she is often referred to by the officers for information which they cannot give. While busied with her duties at Cedar Creek, she was surrounded by the rebels, and only escaped capture by her womanly adroitness. Afterward she brought in the body of a captain killed in a cavalry skirmish. She had ridden fifteen miles with his corpse lashed to her horse, and had worked continually among the wounded during forty-eight hours before, without sleeping, or eating a regular meal. But she did not rest till she had procured a coffin for her lifeless charge, and sent it to his friends at home.

The wish to serve our soldiers and thereby to help in the great national struggle, is not you perceive confined to one class of society. Accomplished, elegant ladies, and poor hard-working women are alike urged to the service by compassion and love of country. In this most Christian work, we are all one; all social distinctions are forgotten. We have but lately heard of the death of Miss Margaret Breckenbridge, who leaving her high position

in life, rejoiced to perform the same lowly tasks which occupy the heart and hands of Bridget of Michigan. Many an eloquent appeal and inspiring poem fell from her pen, helping forward the National arousing, before the breaking forth of war; for a fire glowed in the young girl's soul, that could bear no quenching. But words, however ardent, were not enough. 'I shall not be content,' she wrote, 'till I can find a place in a hospital, where I can stay till the war is ended. For there are hundreds of opportunities which one can use by being constantly with the men, and I believe one could do as much good thereby, as in any missionary field. She had her wish, and threw herself with noble ardor into the work. 'You will die if you are not more prudent,' admonished her friends. 'What is the death of one woman, amid all the sacrifice necessary for this time,' she asked in reply. 'Shall men by tens of thousands strive and die, and shall not some women spend their lives in the effort to sustain them?' She was one of the purest and loveliest of women. Her delicate person, radiant face, musical voice, and the simple dignity of her presence at once awed and fascinated her patients. Blessings fell upon her as she moved among them. 'She never tires,' said an old veteran, 'she is always smiling, and doesn't seem to walk; she flies all but. God keep her from being an angel too soon; we want her with us while the war lasts.' 'I'm so poor, and sick, and so dirty,' faltered a rough soldier to

her once; 'I'm not fit to be touched by a fine lady like you.' 'But you have waded through the mud for me,' said Miss Breckenbridge with one of her radiant smiles, 'and I consider it a great honor to be able to wash it off.' Christ the Saviour she held up to these rude, perishing souls. Overcoming her girlish reserve, she talked to them with tears like a sister. They all loved her to a man, and thus by human love she won them to the heavenly love. It was impossible to resist her; the men absolutely could not, and they would not if they could. At twilight it was her custom to sit in the ward-room, and sing them to sleep, often melting their hearts by the pathos of her voice, as she sang the old hymns and the majestic old tunes which they had heard at church in long past years. 'Oh! I can never forget *her*,' cried a negress who was in the hospital that she attended. 'She was good to old Chloe. Why she never went to bed, but she must come look in on me to see how I was gettin on. I never saw the like of her. She used to sing for me; she that had sung in the grand parlors to the ladies and gentlemen. Now she's singin' with the angels of heaven. She was *my* lady.'

Working night and day to the very utmost of her powers, she was suddenly prostrated by tidings of the death of her brother-in-law a noble young officer who fell at Cold Harbor, pierced with seven wounds, calling with his last breath, 'Boys follow *me*!' She never rallied from the shock, though

longing to recover and work till peace should be proclaimed. She died in July, as directly from the toils and sufferings of the war as any soldier slain by the foe. Hundreds of grateful men lament her loss.

We have received interesting reports from another of our excellent women, Miss Bradley, who is in Washington helping soldiers by the thousand to get their papers and back pay, and aiding them in other money matters which by the usual official process would cause them wearisome delays. It must be a novel but attractive sight to see this notable Massachusetts woman on her rounds, as I have heard her described. 'A small, straight little figure, sitting composedly in an ambulance, a soldier driving, a few cripples riding, the others moving in single file as a right wing, poor sick fellows trying to look as trim as they can, marching from 'Camp Misery,'—the gathering place for discharged men,—along the avenues of Washington, following the motions of the little woman as though she was a General.

'At the raising of her hand, the procession halts before a Government office as quickly as if Hancock had shouted 'Column Halt!' She points to the door; they 'file right,' as if motioned by the drawn sword of Grant. They enter, and soon return: Several of them start off with springing step, their papers all right in the pocket of the old blue blouse, and a roll of new greenbacks tucked away for safe keeping. They are so full of admiration,

reverence, and gratitude, that they hardly know what to say to Miss Bradley.

‘There is no waiting for tedious processes. One wave of her little hand has severed the red tape knots which had bound their hopes and rights for months. Thus the procession moves from one office to another till all are supplied. Finally it draws up before a Sanitary Lodge for the reception of discharged soldiers, where the battered knapsack all stained with Virginia mud, is strapped on for the last time, and they set forth in squads of two and three, with bright hopeful eyes for the railroad that goes North; for now:

‘Johnny comes marching home.’”

Miss Bradley has forwarded thousands of dollars from soldiers to their friends, has aided hundreds of men to get their back pay, has saved many a poor man unjustly charged with desertion; she edits a *Soldier's Journal*, and does I know not what besides. Her work is divided into ten departments, and could not be performed except by the most active and orderly of women. She is eminently what she likes best, to be called, ‘The Soldier's Friend.’ As a nurse, she has cured many a hopelessly sick man, keeping body and soul together it would seem by the strength of her love. ‘I love them as if they were my own sons,’ she writes in one of her reports, and in her quaint way, speaks of one man who was rescued from death by *doses of stick-to him*. A patient is always ‘my boy,’

'my adopted son,' to her overflowing heart; and her success in extreme cases is really wonderful.

Some weeks ago while on a hospital transport she found a single rebel, suffering intensely from a shot through the wrist. She bathed his swollen arm, cooled his brow with fresh water, and made him as comfortable as his condition would allow. The surgeon in charge, suggested privately, that aid to an enemy, from one in her prominent position might expose her to censure. To which she made answer that she was a follower of Christ, and if she did not obey his teachings she could not be his disciple. 'The boy was our enemy,' she added, 'but now he needs our aid, and I think I ought to give it to him.' She continued her care of the poor prisoner, although he talked bitterly of the North and the Union. But Miss Bradley's patient, peaceful spirit remained unmoved by his words. There came a day when she must leave the boat and accompany her wounded to a station. As she passed the couch of the rebel, he called, 'Mother will you come here a moment?' As she approached the tears stood in his eyes, as he said 'Mother, you have conquered.' 'What?' said Miss Bradley. 'You have conquered me,' he repeated; 'If I get well I can never raise my hand against the Union again; if I did I should raise it against you, and that I could never do, after your goodness to me.' 'I blessed him for the good tidings,' writes Miss B. 'and tears of joy coursed down my own cheeks, to think that by the

practice of the golden rule, one misguided boy had been drawn to the right cause.'"

One autumn evening as Roger was looking over the daily paper he suddenly exclaimed, "Here's a grand hooroosh! What do you think mother? Rebels on Lake Erie!—further North than they've ever been before I guess."

"Lake Erie," echoed Mrs. Warren, "What are they doing up there? Perhaps they're prisoners on their way to Johnson's Island."

"No," said Roger "these fellows went up to set all the Butternuts at liberty, that are held captive on the island. They went aboard one of the Lake steamers, and took possession of her on the thirteenth, (November) while she was making a trip. But their plan fell through, for another party, at Sandusky, who was to join them, could'nt come, owing to the presence of our gunboat Michigan; so the steamboat fellows ran the boat on the Canada shore and took to their heels.

"That's the last raid, is it?" said the father looking up from his book. "The last of the year I hope. Forrest, Wheeler, Early, Morgan, and other desperadoes have done more damage to the loyal states within the last twelvemonth, than has been committed in all previous rebel

raids I think.

"Forrest is a cruel wretch,—one of the same sort as Quantrell is'nt he father?" asked Frank.

"Yes, both of them are types of a hardened, ferocious class of men who reveal to us the barbarism of certain ranks of society under the influence of slavery. Last March, Forrest invaded Tennessee at the head of five thousand cavalry. He compelled the surrender of several towns on his route, and rivalled his fellow guerrilla Quantrell in the horrible butchery at Fort Pillow."

"We have heard of nothing so shocking as that since the Indian outbreak," said Mrs. Warren, "and the savages were not more cruel than the rebels.

"Nor more cowardly;" added the father. "When the cannon of the latter have been posted in places exposed to the rifles of our sharpshooters, we know that the rebels have sent forward negroes to serve the guns, forcing them on with bayonets, while their masters took shelter in secure coverts. And in the assault of Paducah, which occurred just before that of Fort Pillow, Forrest mingled women and children in his front ranks thereby preventing our garrison and gun-

boats from firing upon his command."

"Fine chivalry that," exclaimed Roger, with indignation, "to make your servants fight and to get behind a bulwark of women! Well, did they kill all the men at Port Pillow?"

"Not quite. The garrison numbered five hundred, of whom nearly half were Blacks. About four hundred were murdered, the greater part after they had surrendered as prisoners of war. For the fort was given up, though not by consent of the commander, but by means of a deception, which an honorable soldier would never have used."

"The garrison had resisted the guerrillas manfully, from early sunrise when the attack was begun till afternoon. Major Booth, chief in command, fell in the morning, and his place was then filled by Major Bradford, commanding the Black battalion. During a pause in the action, late in the day, Forest sent a second and then a third summons, demanding a surrender within twenty minutes, and during this truce when our guns were idle, and our commander engaged with the messenger, the guerrillas took possession of sheltered, favorable positions in the ravines each side of the Fort. As soon therefore as Bradford's *refusal* was brought back, the word was given and

they leaped like tigers upon the works. The next moment they were inside hewing down the men without mercy, and yelling 'kill 'em all, Forest says, give no quarter.' The inmates of the Fort, soldiers and non-combatants, including women and children sought refuge in the woods, or toward the river bank below, but nearly all were cut down. Wounded men were beaten to death with muskets; the hospital patients were killed; the Blacks, though they gave themselves up as prisoners, were murdered because they were black, and the whites because they fought with them. The slaughter as described by some few survivors, was horrible beyond description. Men were mutilated before they were killed: their eyes were knocked out, their skulls split open. Several buildings were burned and to the sides of these structures, living men, both officers and privates, white and black, were nailed and burned alive."

"Oh, Father!" ejaculated Maedy. "Do you think that really true? It is too dreadful to believe."

"We cannot doubt it, for men who were buried alive by the fiendish wretches, and who managed to survive by making a breathing hole, and afterward escaped, were witnesses these deeds;

and the charred remains of black men nailed through the wrists to burnt logs, and to the floors of their tents, attest the truth of their assertions. The nation, and indeed the civilised world was shocked at the horrors of Fort Pillow. The surgeon attending the wounded who were rescued affirmed them to be the most mangled men he had ever seen; and nearly all, he states, received their injuries after they had surrendered their arms and asked for quarter. The rebels themselves, perverted as they are by the degrading effects of slavery, have tried nevertheless to palliate the cruelties of the slaughter, or condemn Forest for permitting it; but their utterances have been rather from policy, in view of the great indignation excited against them, rather than from a genuine regret. The statement of living sufferers, and the blackened remains strewn before the Fort, go to prove, together, with the records of Lawrenceville, East Tennessee, Chambersburg, and the torture of Union prisoners, that they are guilty of crimes which no apology can palliate, but which will be recorded to their everlasting shame."

"Do you recall the incident of Mrs. Booth presenting the flag that had waved aloft during *the assault*, to the remnant that survived it?"

asked the mother. "It was red with blood, and had been saved by a wounded man who had hidden it, and borne it away with him to a distant hospital. She returned it to the group of soldiers, who, remembering their murdered comrades, and Major Booth's last words, 'Never surrender the Flag to traitors,' received the gift and called God to witness that 'they would defend it to their last breath.'—Major Bradford was also killed, I believe."

"Yes, the guerrillas took him alive, dragged him to a spot some miles from the Fort, on their line of retreat, and shot him down like a dog, although he asked for mercy, declaring that he had fought manfully and claiming the rights of a prisoner. His body was left a prey to the beasts and birds, as we learned from a conscript, who had been forced into the guerrilla service."

"And Forest is still at large, free to repeat the cruelties of Fort Pillow whenever he finds opportunity," said Mrs. Warren. "Has no effort been made to catch him?"

"Yes, indeed. A force of twelve thousand men under Gen. Sturgis were sent in pursuit, but the expedition failed for want of good management and returned to Memphis after the

loss of all its supply trains and a third of its men. Another force under Gen. Smith set forth early in July; and while it was hunting for the guerrilla chief, that worthy suddenly made his appearance in Memphis, where he took some spoils and captured three hundred men; but failed in his effort to release the rebel prisoners. He stayed but two hours, and lost two hundred of his followers before he escaped again into Mississippi. Soon afterward the most of his command was sent to re-inforce one of the Confederate armies. The rebel Wheeler, a noted cavalry man, gave us some trouble in Tennessee, last winter, but was deprived of his spoils and driven from the state. Other Confederate generals invaded it during the same period, with varying success. And John Morgan, of whom you have heard before, rode through the richest part of Kentucky in June, leading twenty-five hundred guerrillas who did as much harm to the country as is usually committed on such invasions. One of the most notable achievements, was the surrender of a certain General Hobson with a command of sixteen hundred armed men, to one of Morgan's colonels and three hundred rebels who had *scarcely* any ammunition. The General suffer-

ed himself to be driven upon a point of land formed by a bend in the Licking River, where, frightened by the threats of his opponent on the opposite shore, he surrendered, craven that he was."

"Humph," ejaculated Roger. "If he ever comes within our lines again, he ought to be ker-wolloped with a rope's end and drummed out of the army."

"Some of the command were re-taken, and among them the redoubtable Hobson, but I doubt whether he was punished; and Morgan was surprised one morning by our General Burbridge, who took a thousand horses, four hundred prisoners, and killed three hundred men. The guerillas were nearly 'used up,' only a remnant of the command being able to flee into Virginia. Morgan mustered new forces, and in September again entered Tennessee, but was surprised by General Gillem, and in making resistance, was shot dead by him."

"He was one of the worst of the guerillas, I guess," said Frank. "Don't you remember telling us about some of his former raids? The people of the Border States will breathe freer now that he is dead."

"I hope," said the Father, that we shall hear

nothing more of the guerilla raiders, except that their career, like Morgan's is at an end."

"I can tell you of one thing whose career has come to an end, and a mighty grievous one too!" exclaimed Roger, who seemed suddenly to recall a highly gratifying event—"the pirate Alabama. Zookey! Didn't the old Kearsarge give her blazes, and knock her into a cocked hat. Hooray for Captain Winslow, I say! He's taken the power out of Semmes and his crew; we shan't hear of *them* any more, robbing ships, and getting bonds from the Captains. I tell you, Uncle Sam's web-feet have been making considerable tracks, lately."

"What do you know about the Alabama?" asked Maedy.

"I know all about it," answered Roger. "The Kearsarge dug a great hole in her side, and tossed her guns every which way—buxticated her completely, and in a fair fight too. Semmes,—he was in the harbor of Cherbourg, and the Kearsarge was waiting for him outside; and when he had sent ashore his chest of coin and his sixty-two chronometers,—every one stolen from sea-captains,—he sent out a challenge, braggadocio like, to Winslow. And then, one bright Sunday morning,—the nine

teenth of June, was'nt it father? he sailed out in company with a lot of those French and British fellows that have been very 'neutral' to us, and very thick with the rebels. The Alabama is a British ship you know; she had British guns aboard, and gunners trained in a British man-of-war; but our Kearsarge sent 'em some eleven-inches that knocked 'em all into pie, blew up their coal-bunks, blocked up the engine room, and tore open the ship's side. The rebel only fought an hour; he could'nt have fought longer if he'd wanted to, for the vessel was sinking; so he surrendered, but one of his English friends helped him to run away—queer kind of surrender, that—but any way, we beat the English and the Confederates combined; and good for Uncle Sam, I say!"

"And no wonder," continued the boy, after taking breath, "for we had sailors aboard such as that garivanting rebel of a ship-burner was'nt worthy to look at. There was William Gowin of Michigan, wounded early in the fight by a piece of shell that smashed his knee-joints. He did'nt want any man to leave a station on his account, so he would'nt be helped, but crawled almost the length of the ship to get out of the fight, and staid by the hatch-way, cheer-

ing his mates and shouting 'Victory is ours,' when the guns made all-fired holes in the Alabama. When the Surgeon took him in hand he was calm and pleasant as a May morning,—seemed to forget his pain, and said 'It is all right, and I am satisfied; we are whipping the Alabama; I would willingly lose my leg or my life, if it is necessary;' and while he was in the hospital, he often said, he was willing to die, since his ship had won a glorious victory. *We* don't depend on British tars to keep our Flag aloft."

"Roger has told the story pretty well," said the father. "The Alabama is indeed destroyed; and her destruction is a matter of general thanksgiving, for, as I read the other day the damage done to our shipping by her and her British made consorts, the Sumter, Florida, and others, has cost us fourteen million dollars, and includes the loss of two hundred vessels. Doubtless the total loss is far beyond that sum, even though we should not take into the account, the decrease of our commerce, the great expense of equipping our vessels, and of sending out men-of-war in pursuit of the pirates—a quest which was made with the more *difficulty* because of the hospitality of British

ports to the rebels. All this outlay and labor could be estimated only by scores of millions."

"Since the Alabama 'knocked under' to Captain Winslow, another privateer the Georgia, has been forced to follow her example, by Captain Craven of the Niagara, who secured the Southern ship as a prize, but allowed the officers and crew to land at Dover, because at the time of capture they were in the service of a Liverpool merchant. "None of these sea-faring rebels are so bold as the man Read who sailed into Portland harbor last year and seized the revenue cutter Cushing lying then at anchor," said Mrs. Warren. "That was a most audacious adventure."

"And a failure ending in a well deserved punishment" added Mr. Warren. But the boys had forgotten or did not know the incident: whereupon the father continued: Two merchant ships manned by Portland volunteers started after the robber forthwith, and though he succeeded in blowing up the Cushing, they brought back the prize schooner in which he had made the voyage and lodged captain and crew in the City prison."

"But the great sea-battle of the year, is the

Bay-Fight of Farragut, who with his wooden ships has passed and triumphed over the powerful coast defences of Mobile. That was one of the most brilliant victories of the war, and one of the most daring naval actions of any war.

"I know that the admiral has won a great battle lately," said Frank, "but all the particulars that you always tell us, I don't know anything about now. Begin at the beginning, will you Father, and let's have the whole 'yarn' of the Bay Fight. I remember that in the River Fight for New Orleans, the Admiral stood lashed in the rigging of the Flag-ship, and that he staid there looking out upon the battle till it was all over—the gallant old man! Was he up there, in the Bay Fight too?"

"That he was. One of his sayings is 'Exposure is one of the penalties of rank in the navy,' and he teaches it by his own example. As one has written, who saw him in the very height and crash of battle,

'High in the mizen-shroud,
(Lest the smoke his sight overwhelm—)
The Admiral's voice rang loud,
'Hard-a-starboard your helm.'"

"Well now, begin at the beginning please,"

said Roger, who thought one story of ship-board adventure, equal to at least two of victories on land, which latter he had heard of more frequently.

"The beginning, begins with the night before the engagement," said Mr. Warren, "when a number of sailors, in view of the hard work before them, petitioned the Admiral for an allowance of 'grog.' In reply he told them that he had been to sea a good deal, and had done some fighting; but he had never seen the time, when he needed rum to help him do his duty. He contented them by a promise of pots of hot coffee at two o'clock in the morning, adding that he would pipe them to breakfast at eight o'clock in Mobile Bay. So they all went into the fight sober. That was a good beginning."

"But with wooden ships;" said Frank "I thought they were not used any more, now that we have iron-clads."

"Oh yes they are," replied the Father. "The old sailors will not go in any other. And the fact that Farragut by means of them, passed the forts vanquished the Confederate fleet, and destroyed their monster ram Tennessee, commanded by the only Admiral of their navy,—speaks well

for the walls of oak which defended him and his 'hearties' in the conflict. The possession of Mobile Bay is scarcely second in importance to the taking of New Orleans; for the former has long been a gathering place for numerous British blockade-runners, who, under cover of night or fog, and encouraged by the presence of the Confederate fleets, and the garrisons of the three forts, have been able to elude our gunboats and deliver many a cargo of war supplies to the Confederate authorities. Like New Orleans, the Bay was to be won only by a sharp struggle. It was a short morning's work, but how full of agony and valor were those few hours!"

Early on the fifth of August, our fleet numbering fourteen wooden ships lashed together in couples, and four iron clads, steamed toward the fortified gates of Mobile Bay. The great frigate 'Brooklyn' led the advance, having superior guns for the work of the hour, and being furnished with an ingenious machine for picking up torpedoes, three hundred of which were reported to be lying under the waters. In the outset, the ships' crews were horror struck at the fatal power of these instruments of death, *for as the fleet advanced into the narrow open-*

ing of the Bay, where

‘Gaines growled low on the left,
Morgan roared on the right,
Before us, gloomy and fell
With breath like the fumes of hell
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight,—’

when all the guns on ship and shore were sounding the alarum, our great iron-clad ‘Tecumseh’ struck a torpedo, and went down with her commander and her crew of one hundred and thirty men.

‘In a great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The Fort their monument;
Seen afar in the offing,—
Ten fathom deep lies Craven
And the bravest of our brave.’

To see a mighty ship with all her armament and a hundred and fourteen men—but seventeen were saved—engulfed in a moment, beyond all power of saving, was a terrible sight. The moment that followed was an appalling one for the fleet. The ships paused, each commander doubting whether his own might not be the next to disappear in waters strewn with these

mighty engines of destruction. But the Admiral, in the maintop of the Hartford gave the word steadily, 'Go on!' and immediately the Flag-ship passed ahead, leaving the torpedoes and the 'Dragon' Tennessee, which was perhaps the most formidable craft ever set afloat. Two of his guns threw ninety-five, and a hundred and ten pounders, while our heaviest bolts seemed to fall on him as harmlessly as drops on a duck's back. Then with

Death in the air all around,
And the black torpedoes beneath,
The great ships entered the fight;
Right abreast of the Fort,
In an awful shroud they lay;
Broadsides thundering away
And lightning from every port,
A scene of glory and dread!
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red,—
The thunders raging below,
And the forest of Flags o'erhead.'

The decks were strewn with human fragments; but they were constantly cleared, while stalwart arms plied the guns, and shouts ascended through the smoke as the cry rang from ship to ship: 'Fight her to the last plank!' Wi

an hour, the Confederate gun-boats were vanquished; one was burned, one finally escaped toward Mobile, and the third, the Selma, surrendered with all on board. The fire of the Forts was also silenced, and our Admiral supposed the victory was won, when suddenly the cry was heard, 'The Ram is again underway, and heading dead for the Flag-ship!' And sure enough, there was the monster steaming straight through the fleet, all unshaken by the blows from our guns.

"The signal for attack was given at once, and the large vessels closed about the ugly thing. One hurled herself against his side, but might as well have tried to shatter an ocean cliff. 'Hard a-starboard your helm!' cried the Admiral. 'Starboard and run him down.' The two great ships drew toward one another while the men held their breath, in expectance of the coming crash. As the Hartford's great bow advanced toward the Tennessee, a face was visible at one of the port-holes, and a voice yelled, 'Hard a port! here's the Yankee bearing right down upon us.' He sheered, thereby breaking the force of the blow, and sent his terrible balls into the Hartford. But the 'Old Flag' poured in her port broadside.

‘Rattling his iron hide,
And cracking his timber bones!’

The monitors had now gathered around the Dragon, and with their immense bolts had cleft asunder her iron plates. The great ship Lackawanna, coming up amid the thick smoke to thrust herself a second time against the Ram, bore down upon the Hartford instead, giving her such a blow as made the gallant ship reel under the force of two thousand tons of oak. They thought the Flag-ship was sinking, and amid the uproar, many voices shouted ‘The Admiral!—Save the Admiral! Get the Admiral out of the ship!’ for every one thought first of the gallant man lashed to the main-mast. But the Hartford, though rent and crippled could still keep afloat, and clear and calm from the main-mast rang the order to the fleet captain ‘Go on with speed! Ram her again.’

“What became of the Dragon?” asked Roger eagerly, while his father paused for a moment’s rest; “This is a regular hunky story,” and Maedy and Frank were equally interested to hear the fate of the Tennessee.

“He was now in a sorry plight, under the hammering of the monitors. His smoke-stack and steering chains were gone, his port-hole

jammed in, while the Chickasaw kept steadily at work at the stern, and four other vessels were coming to run him down. One monitor kept its post directly in front to head him off, should he seek to escape, and the other vessels sailed in a circle around the monster, each one ramming him in turn, thereby causing such a shock as to take the crew within off their feet, as we learned afterward. It was the hour of doom for the Confederate Admiral. Either he must perish as the men of the Cumberland perished when he smote her, or his Stars and Bars must go down and the White Flag go up. With his craft thus rammed, battered, punched, surrounded, he hesitated but a moment between Life and Renown, and then struck his colors to the wooden walls of the Hartford.

‘Hurrah;’ exclaimed Frank and Roger at once.

“Three thousand lusty throats shouted ‘hurrah’ when the crews, all ‘flushed and savage with fight,’ saw the white flag on the Tennessee, while the mangled men below decks sent up a faint answering shout from their bloody couches. Yes, the Bay Fight was won, and now over the whole Gulf the Union Flag floats alone.”

“Three hundred and thirty-five men gave their lives or their blood to win back the Bay.”

he continued "and many a name has been added to our naval roll of honor by this daring engagement. Our Admiral himself has said that by discipline men may be trained to endurance but that no amount of mere discipline can endow them with that firm-heartedness which is undismayed by hidden, mysterious dangers. The men who sailed into a Bay of which the rebels had said 'It covers torpedoes enough to blow up your fleet,' any one of them powerful to sink a large ship with all on board,—were not men to be kept from duty by any human peril. Shells bursting above the magazines did not delay the serving of powder, for the fires thus kindled were quietly put out without disturbing the men on duty. When the gunners fell, they were laid 'to port' all a-row on the deck, while others took their posts, although in one instance, nearly two entire gun crews were cut down. The dying smiled in their pain, and cheered with failing breath, devoted to the good cause, and grateful for the victory, till death. In a moment of great peril, when a missile had fired the shell-room of a gun-boat, a 'wounded man entered the apartment and put out the fire alone; and one *brave little lad*, whose powder box was

knocked from his hand by a flying shell, jumped into a small boat recovered his box and returned to the guns. He would keep his powder, though the shells hissed like serpents around him.


"What became of the Confederate Admiral?" asked Maedy.

"He was wounded, and it is said, yielded his sword with great reluctance. His purpose had been to fight to the last, and rather than surrender, drive the Ram ashore and destroy it. But the crew became utterly demoralised by the rough handling they received, and refused to fight; for heroes like those of our Cumberland, are not often found on the side of a base cause. A staff officer was sent to receive Buchanan's sword; he returned saying that its owner would like to see Farragut. But the brave old man doesn't care to meet traitors except in a sea-fight. 'Well Sir, he shan't see me,' he replied as he glanced over the bloody decks of his ship. 'I suppose he would have us friends; but with these men, my comrades, dying and dead about me, and seeing the destruction he has caused to the fleet, I can only consider him as an enemy and a traitor.'"

To read the description of the ships when

the battle was ended, makes one wonder how they lived through it, to use a sailor phrase. Their smoke-stacks, rigging, and masts were shot away, great rents were made in their hulls, and within was witnessed the same confusion and ruin that marks a battle field. But battered and disabled as they were, the crews assembled on their decks, a day or two after the fight, in obedience to the Admirals' order and returned thanks to God for the victory he had granted to the fleet."

"Co-operating with it was a land force commanded by Gen. Gordon Granger, who, after the Tennessee surrendered, forthwith besieged Fort Gaines. It soon yielded, and its garrison were held as prisoners of war. Fort Powell also was evacuated and partly destroyed on the night after the Bay Fight. Fort Morgan the largest and strongest of all, resisted longer, but yielded at last to the fleet in the front and Grangers men in the rear. Thus the Bay with all its defences was ours, with trophies of a hundred and four guns, and nearly fifteen hundred prisoners. Hereafter no vessel can enter the port of Mobile except by permission of the vigilant sentinels who guard it, for the service of *the United States*.



"But Mobile itself has not yet been taken," added Mrs Warren.

"No, that will come bye-and-bye. The struggle for the Bay was enough for one day's work, and the city has lost half its value to the rebels, since our iron-clads have closed the port. We can afford to wait."

The hands of the clock pointed to nine, but the children still lingered loth to leave their story-teller. "We're not at all sleepy" affirmed Frank—nor was there indeed any sign of weariness in their bright faces, "and now Father if you'll please tell us about the Albermarle we won't ask you again for ever so long!"

"It was too late, they had already had enough of exciting incidents," answered the Father. But Maedy called him 'a dear old lovey,' and Roger urged, 'You're in for it now you know Father, you might as well go the whole rig, and then we won't bother you again.'

"Roger," said Mrs. Warren, "I do wish you would learn to talk like respectable people."

"Won't you use any more slang for two days Roger, if I'll tell the story of the Albermarle?" asked the father.

"Two days? That would be an awful hard

pull,"—"But I'll have to stop buzzing altogether. No I won't. I'll keep mum instead," said Roger, with a serio-comic grimace.

They all laughed, and the mother declared that he would never succeed in being quiet for so long a time.

But on the strength of the promise the father continued:

"This is the last sea-story that I know, and as the *Albermarle* is, I believe, the last of the confederate rams, perhaps we may as well learn her fate with the rest. The '*Virginia*' did not long survive our *Cumberland*; the '*Manassas*' went down in the River Fight for New Orleans, the '*Tennessee*' surrendered in Mobile Bay, and one stout hearted young man, Lieut. William R. Cushing, with his own steady hands, unaided by Union iron-clads or rams, destroyed the '*Albermarle*.' This craft was nearly if not quite as powerful as the *Tennessee*, it is thought, and had destroyed or injured numbers of our vessels. One of her shots had killed a captain of one of our boats who was young Cushing's dearest friend, whereupon the former determined to avenge his death. He prepared his plans diligently, obtained the approval of them from his *superiors*, and one night toward the last of

October when all was ready, he quietly sailed up the Roanoke River, to the spot where the Albemarle lay moored behind a barricade of logs. He made his way within a pistol shot of the ram, when he was discovered. The alarm sounded; fires blazed up from the shores, bullets and cannister were hurled at his boat, the clangor of bells, the clamor of voices, and the whirr of rattles revealed the alarm of the ship's crew. The lieutenant plied his own twelve-pounder, and pushed his way sturdily through the barricade till he neared the overhang of the Albemarle, when his boat stuck fast, and refused to move forward or back. 'Now we've got you,' cried the men of the Ram. 'Surrender, or we'll blow you to pieces.' But the lieutenant hadn't come to surrender, and was able to do his own blowing. Just in the right instant, while their shouts were ringing in his ears, he threw his torpedo beneath the ram, pulled the lanyard, and—BANG!—the work was done. The waves rose like water spouts, the little boat was full, and a shell had just plunged through her hull. 'Save yourselves as you can,' called Cushing to his few attendants as he leaped into the water. He swam till he was benumbed

and exhausted ; then he crept ashore and hid in the swamp grass till daylight ; when he discovered two forts within speaking distance of his covert, and soon after he learned from a dialogue between two Confederate officers who passed by him, that the Albermarle was ruined and owned that by one vigorous stroke of his right arm he had struck a most damaging blow to the Confederate navy. The wreck of the rebel ram lies bottom upward in the river to-day.

“In his own time and way the young man returned to the fleet, twelve miles distant, and found himself famous ; and hereafter, whenever the history of our war is written, his name will be recorded as that of the fearless young officer who, at the peril of instant destruction, blew into fragments the best ship of the Confederate navy.”

Ere long Roger had a separate row of portraits commemorative of the sea-fights ; the dark piratical face of Semmes, beside the clear fine head of the honorable gentleman, Captain Winslow ; Farragut, with the sailor's crow's-feet around his eyes, and the mingled look of shrewdness, bravery, and good cheer ; and not least among them, the calm, determined young

face of Cushing. He took great pleasure in showing the last three to the boys that came to play with him, but was prone to double his fists and give an answering frown to Semmes whenever his eyes rested on the portrait of the rebel pirate.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH THROUGH THE "CONFEDERACY."

THE summer that witnessed the seige of Petersburg and the combats of oaken and iron ships on the seaboard and ocean, was far from being an idle one for the Western men who had watched before Vicksburg, and built the great dams of the Red River. They were following a war path which their great General had been pondering and studying through all the previous years of the war; and now by the power of his genius and the strength of their own stalwart arms they were contending for the unity of the nation and the overthrow of slavery in the very centre of the rebellious states. The summer days in which Horace was helping to drag cannon up the sides of Georgia mountains, or urging his way through forests gorgeous with flowers, where the air thrilled with the murmur of bees and humming birds, —these days were full of exciting and arduous work to Horace; they were full of confidence also and content. Evidently he had entire *faith* in General Sherman, whoever else may

have been doubtful at that time, of the success of his extraordinary undertaking. Early in June he wrote :

“I am quite ‘at home’ and happy again, now that our Corps is back with ‘Old Billy,’ as the soldiers call him. Clearly the presence of this man,—the finest soldier out of Virginia,—is, or will be demanded at every place where our war-fortunes verge to a crisis. At Bull Run, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, he wrought out his task right sagaciously and valiantly, and now he is marching intrepidly into the heart of Georgia, while the world looks on with astonishment and the critics are crying ‘Fool-hardy.’ But our Sherman is no brainless adventurer. He will reach his journey’s end,—so say we one and all,—wherever it may be, and however the luckless rebels may strive to hinder him. Some of the officers surmise that he is going to Richmond,—others say Atlanta, others still Savannah or Columbia. Perhaps he will take them all in his route, but no one knows. At the point of march from which I am now writing, I think I may say with tolerable certainty that we are heading for Atlanta, the Gate City to Georgia, and thereby to the southeastern quarter of the Confederacy.

We were but just back from our roaming in the Red River region, of which I wrote you some weeks since, when the news reached us that Sherman had set forth from Chattanooga, at the head of a great

army, and wanted all the re-enforcements that could be raised. Accordingly our division was hurried northward by steamer and locomotive, and came up with the main army near Allatoona, a mountain pass on the line of the Tennessee and Georgia railroad, about eighty miles south-east of the original base at Chattanooga. The course of the march thus far has been through a rugged tract of country defended by a large army under the generalship of Joseph Johnston, next to Lee, the ablest soldier in the Confederate army,—a man who was educated at West Point, and who has shown throughout his military career, a degree of wisdom, foresight and power that has won him great esteem among the Confederate officials. He defeated McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign, you remember, but we drove him when he opposed Grant in the march to Vicksburg.

The disposal of our forces thus far has been the only one possible to an army advancing in such a region. The rebels have been driven from one intrenched post to another, by flank movements, compelling them to pursue their retreat from day to day, or to stand and give battle. In this way Johnston has been pushed from his strongholds without any time for rest during three weeks, while our host has followed hard on his track, marching and fighting by day, climbing ascents so steep that one can keep his footing only by holding to rocks or shrubs,—snatching a brief sleep on the

mountain-tops, the men lying on a few rails to protect their bodies from the mud; aroused, perhaps, by the reveille of shot and shell, sweeping over the hills and vales that connect the mountain ranges, and crossing streams of all sizes, from the little creeks of the hills, to broad and swift rivers. Now and then when a man is started from his nap by a 'shrieker,' or is compelled to begin the day's toil without his cup of coffee, you may hear him grumble at his fate or the Johnnies, but half an hour later, you may see the same man falling into line, his brows knit, his lips close and firm, ready to march to the cannon's mouth if that is the duty. In the evenings we gather in groups around the camp fires when the air is cool, and exchange a recital of adventures, and thus by describing the panic at Pleasant Hill and Bailey's dams at Alexandria, I have learned in turn, of the series of battles from Buzzard's Roost to Allatoona,

'How do you explain the fact that Sherman keeps this great army in rations?' I asked of my old comrade Sergeant Heybold, as we lounged thus one evening by the burning logs. 'It's a problem to me, I confess, and the more I think of it, the less I can understand how he does it.'

'I guess nobody can tell but Old Billy himself. No one knows much of anything, compared to what he knows, and rightly enough, for his brains are better than all ours put together. We have just one railroad to depend on; one road of a single

track, which the greybacks are watching day and night and pounce upon at any unguarded point. The General says that it gives him more trouble to take care of that line than to fight Johnston's whole army, and I can well believe it, for every day we hear the cry of 'Railroad seized by the rebels.' But we haven't fallen short yet, and if we should, why,—I suppose then we'll have to subsist on the country,—all the worse for *it* I say when a hundred thousand soldiers are to get their food and clothes out of it.'

'Well, then, if you can't tell me how we get the tons of food and clothes that we are using all the time, I suppose there is no use in asking where we are bound to,' said I.

'Atlanta, for one place,' replied Heybold promptly. 'Our hearts are all set on getting that, and as things look now we shan't be disappointed. And further than that I don't believe Sherman himself looks at present. You know we're not here just to fight on our own hook; we're a tremendously large wing of Grant's army six hundred miles away; and the wise heads among the officers think that if all goes according to Sherman's calculations we shall sweep over the country, and effect a junction with Grant somewhere. That's the supposition. But if you except Grant and Sherman, I don't believe there's a head in the nation that knows any more of what's to come, than you or I or the Man in the Moon.'

The Sergeant's suggestion, be it the right one or

not, struck me as having something of grandeur in it,—a stupendous military project. The Rebellion spreading over tens of thousands of square miles, confronted by the Army of the Potomac, a huge left wing wresting away its two chief strongholds,—the Army of the West, sweeping on a Flank March throughout the whole length or nearly so of the Confederacy—a huge right wing controlled by the same master-spirit, the quiet man sitting in his cabin at City Point, six hundred miles away! Here was a project adapted to the vast distances of our country, and a magnitude worthy of a noble cause. God give it good success!

Our Sherman, the man who has studied out and now attempts this achievement, is in truth a Great Man; one can guess that in looking at his high forehead which seems to enclose a towering kind of brain, almost painfully large for his frame, one would say. His face is made up of sharply defined angles, his eye is piercing in its glance, and bounds restlessly from one object to another. All his motions are abrupt, rapid, decisive. He often seems harsh in his manner, but I think that is because he is so intense; literally, he is fearfully in earnest; yet he is generous, kind even at heart, and fond of humor if he does not possess it himself. When he gives orders, one perceives immediately how the task is to be done, so clear and cogent are his words. They say that he often concludes his commands with the expression 'and this must be

done at any expense of life or horseflesh.' Yet we do not consider him cruel or reckless, for he seldom directs a movement whose necessity is not apparent sooner or later. I could tell you many stories that are rife in camp; illustrations of his character; but it may be pretty fairly summed up in a remark made by one of the Generals who had an opportunity one day of talking with him at length about his remarkable career. 'Sherman,' said the officer, 'is like a vigorous tree; the bark is rough, but within it is full of fair wood and rich juices.' He is very absent minded, as people would say; that is he is always thinking. Once as he walked pondering and revolving his plans, he asked a sergeant to lend him a lighted cigar, with which to light his own; but as soon as he began to smoke he threw away the borrowed cigar as if it was a match. When his friends told him of the mistake he laughed jovially with them over it. Now and then he likes to rally them too, especially those whose tastes are less severe and simple than his own. 'What fine town have we here?' he asks as he rides past the numerous tents that belong to General Thomas' quarters. 'Ah, Thomastown—Thomasville, a handsome place truly,'—appears to be increasing rapidly; and with a low laugh at the little satire, he speeds on to the old wall-tent and three "flies," that compose his own head-quarters.

One afternoon after he had worked the previous *night* through, over his maps and diagrams, he sat

down by a tree, and ere long fell asleep. A company marched past the spot, and one of the men asked the orderly attending him whether 'that man,' was a general. The reply was of course, yes. 'Then,' said the private 'twill be no fault of ours if Johnston cuts us to pieces. Drunken Generals lying by the roadside aren't fit to be put in command,' and more of the same sort. All of a sudden, Sherman sprang to his feet, and spoke in his thunderous way: 'Stop my man,' don't call men drunk, when you don't know what you are talking about. Last night while you were asleep, I was working for you, Sir; and now I have laid down to snatch a moment's rest. General Sherman doesn't get drunk.' And he strode off, leaving orderly and private stunned as if by a lightning blast.

On the field, he seems endowed with a keen martial instinct: for he discovers guns and positions in ambush, as a lion scents his prey. A few days ago, while surveying the enemy's line of defence through his glass, he called abruptly to one of his captains: 'Look here: look at that point to the right of the wood.' 'Yes, General, I see it,' replied the Captain after a diligent search. 'Put a shell in them,' continued Sherman, 'yes, right in there. They are posting a battery in hopes to sweep this point, start them out of it, you, first!' Sherman himself sighted the first gun, and while arranging it a bullet glanced along the piece close to his face. 'Hah, close shaving, that,' he exclaimed; 'now we'll re-

turn the salute. 'Fire,' and off flew a shell, screaming and dropping, Bang! among the grey-backs. 'Very good,' commented the General. 'That raised a dust and made them turn somersaults. Salute again Captain.' Of course no battery was posted there to sweep our point. Later in the day, while seeking shelter from a heavy fire of artillery, he happened to pause near a chap who 'had the panic,' and was crouching under the upturned roots of a tree, writhing as if he was wounded, and crying: 'Oh! dear, Oh! dear, dear, dear! If I ever get out of this—I'll never get in another fix like it. Oh! mercy, I shall be killed! I shall I know. Oh! if I can once get home again.' The grim General hardened by a hundred perils, his very pulses beating to the booming of guns, was highly amused at the man's blubbering, and began to fling stones at the old stump; whereat the poor coward crouched and cried all the louder. 'That is rather hard firing my man,' said the General. 'It's the most awfullest that ever was,' cried poor Chicky. As sure as you're standing there, this tree has been hit by thirty shells since I've been under it.' 'Well, its all over now. Come out and let's see you,' continued Sherman. The trembling creature crawled forward, but when he saw the General standing quietly before him, he fell to writhing again for fright, and got off to his regiment with all speed, for Sherman's face to such as he, is worse *than a tempest of shells.*

Yet despite his apparent hardness, our General has a warm spot within, brightened with moral sunshine; and, on the whole, though he is peremptory, we cannot call him hard on us. In a great army like ours, composed largely of recruits from the mountains and prairies, the very men, who as a rule, make the most excellent soldiers, are not inclined to yield strict obedience to military rules. They are rough, reckless fellows, who when off on a forage, will not hesitate to play tricks by producing false vouchers, or papers purporting to come from Sherman, for the sake of obtaining even so small a prize as a fat pig or clamorous rooster. The General was riding down the road near Kingston, on the way thither, when he stopped to rest a moment at a small plantation. The old woman within was quite communicative, and when he asked her whether his boys had been there, she replied, "Eh! that they have, and carried all my things off too. Sherman was 'yer; he's a peart 'un. He said he was hungry, poor man, so I gave him a good dinner, and as he said the boys was starvin' he took a ham and chickens along with him, but he left me this 'yer,—a purtection paper it is,—and she displayed a grimy scrap of paper on which the General read: 'Sargent Take-em-all, gives general protection to this lone widow, whose husband is along with the rebs, and to all that's left of her helpless hens and chickens.' 'What did the boys say about this,' asked Sherman with something like a smile on his

severe face. 'Wal, your fellers they jis' laughed; 'pears like they have dreffle litle respec' for their Ginerel.' 'I am afraid that is true madam,' he replied, 'But I'll write you something that they won't laugh at.' 'Oh! you're an officer, mebbe. Have you got a piece of 'backer or a chew now? The Yankees did'nt leave me nary bit.' Sherman replied that he neither chewed nor took snuff, but gave her a genuine 'protection,' paper and pass, and took his leave.

The old woman was by no means singular in her fondness for tobacco, for in this region of country, the use of it among women of the middle and lower classes is universal; and I think it is one reason why they are so wretched and degraded. Their chief complaint is, that 'backer and snuff is powerful scarce,' and their chief occupation and pastime is to sit on the door-step, 'swabbing' their teeth with a snuff-stick. Their conversation is rude, and outrageously profane; they are as ignorant and idle as human beings can well be, and will never be anything but 'trash,' humanly speaking, till they have free schools and a better class of settlers are introduced. Yet they are a generous, hospitable people, who would doubtless grow to be intelligent and virtuous under a better system of social life.

Second in rank to Sherman are the three Generals, Thomas, McPherson and Schofield, who command *respectively* the Armies of the Cumberland, the

Tennessee and the Ohio. Of Thomas, who won the day at Murfreesboro, who held the left at Chickamauga and stood 'like a rock,' at Lookout and Mission Ridge, you have already heard. He has a strong, calm face, a broad well shaped head, a frame slightly bent, as if with much care. He is polite, and it is said, rather reserved in manner, works always with soldierly precision, insomuch so that in the utmost shock of battle the guns are discharged at the appointed instant, the lines moved with clock-work regularity. Self-possessed, thorough, exact, firm; he is a man to be trusted with great issues, a man who will be sure to do all his task, and do it well.

Our McPherson is another order of man. He too, is a great, though a youthful soldier. His fine genial presence, his noble face, his ardent devotion to his profession, are such gifts as kindle men's hearts into admiration, and inspire them with a worthy ambition to imitate and be led by him. He has been trained under Grant and Sherman, has risen rapidly to honor by good service in the Vicksburg, and other campaigns, and is considered the most promising young man among all our higher officers. Schofield also is a young man, but competent for his Major-Generalship, by military education and experience, and greatly beloved by his command. Here too, is eagle-eyed Hooker, who urged the battle above the clouds, on the heights of Mission Ridge, and Howard who left an arm at

Fair Oaks: his grave, delicate face betokening the Christian Knight, prayerful, watchful, fervent in spirit,—the good General, who finds time to minister to his own wounded as they lie on the field, who commends the dying men to Christ their Saviour, who never utters an oath, and whose prayer-meetings held in the pine forests are the gathering places of all sects of Christian men that are represented in his command. You have heard of Havelock, the English general who in the campaigns of India, set forth the beauty and power of a manly, Christian life. Howard is our Havelock—a general indeed, but a faithful ‘brother,’ to every Christian in his ranks. On the march from Chattanooga, he one day surprised a teamster swearing furiously at his mules who were floundering in the mud. The man was mortified at being overheard, and declared with many apologies that he did not know that the General was within hearing, ‘But I would have you give up swearing, not because I dislike it merely, but because it’s a bad thing,’ said Howard, and reasoned with him earnestly against the vice. Most of the men seem to think that nothing can be said or done without an oath for confirmation. They reason as a subordinate did who was reproved by one of our Colonels. ‘I thought you agreed to leave all the swearing to me,’ said the latter. ‘Well Colonel, you warn’t there,’ answered the man, and the swearing had to be done then and *there* or not at all, so I had to attend to it myself!’

"How large is Johnston's army?" I asked my comrade, the Sergeant, as we continued our talk at the camp-fire. And as he recounted to me the course of the campaign thus far, I know of no better way to fill my sheets, than to transcribe his story:

'Pretty nigh on to fifty thousand, from what we can reckon and have heard,' he replied, 'and that's all we care to fight I can tell you when they're behind these mountain walls. The first chance we had at 'em, there at Buzzard's Roost just out from Chattanooga, they appeared to have us rather tight for a while, and nothing on earth but Sherman's management, drove them at last.' I asked him about the place, which he described thus:

'It's just a narrow gorge between the mountains, and its sides rise straight and steep eight hundred feet in the air—an ugly place when you think of climbing to the top, where the guns are thick as a porcupine's quills, and where in times of peace, nobody but the Buzzards ever think of going. We stayed five days before the gorge and its neighbor, Rocky Face Ridge, while the Generals rode hither and thither, pondering, and peering through their field glasses for a point of attack. With all their flanking and manœuvring, we had to work hard before the rebels would go; and I don't care to pass another such night as that, before the last day of the fight. A section of artillery was needed way up the mountain, and there was no way to get it up except with strong ropes and strong arms; so at-

it we went, pulling the great guns; and when they were all up, we lay down to rest fifteen hundred feet above the valley. We soon grew numb with the cold, but couldn't light a fire because it would serve as a signal to the enemy. There was only hard tack for supper, and those fellows were lucky, whose canteens had a swallow of water left in them. Teddy, one of my jolly Irishman, said he'd always wanted to go to heaven, and shure he was fifteen hundred feet nigher the howly place than iver before, and faith he was on the way, if fasting was the right thing—and didn't the praste say so? Other men were listening to exhortations or prayers, or talking together of the morrow; I tried to sleep, but heard a man groaning not far away, and at last I went out to hunt for him, though a fellow may be shot for a spy, you know, if he is prowling around the lines after dark. I found the boy lying crushed on the edge of a cliff, for the rebs had thrown a rock down on him. He began to talk to me about his home and his sisters, and asked me to send his mother word, that he died 'a soldier and a Christian.' I got him loose, but he 'went up,' next day, and I sent the message to his friends. When the sun rose, we could see far below, our dying camp-fires, the tents of the grey-backs, and the rivers bluish and gleaming like silver bars; far away were the white houses of Dalton, Resaca, and other places that we must battle for, and farther still the ranges of mountains over which

our path lay. While we were up there, a daring little corporal of the —th Illinois, found a sheltered spot within a stone's throw of the sharpshooters and shouted, 'Say, you Johnnies, don't you want to hear Father Abraham's Proclamation.' 'Yes,' they called, 'let's hear what the old Ape has to say now.' 'Attention,' cried the corporal, and began in a loud distinct voice to read the Amnesty Proclamation, offering pardon and peace to all insurgents who will take oath to support the Constitution and the laws. The audience listened quietly till he read the emancipation clause, when they broke forth with: 'none of your Abolitionism,' confirming their oaths by a shower of stones. But the little corporal read on, and when he had finished and folded his paper, he asked, 'Well rebs, how do you like the terms?' 'Will you hear it again?' 'Not to-day, you sharp-faced Yank. Crawl down now, in a hurry, and we won't draw a bead on you.' Down went the sturdy little man, leaping from rock to rock till he regained his company. He had cleared his conscience by giving the rebs a last chance, and I reckon he fought all the better for it, when his turn came to go to the front.

Well, we had a hot time of it there. You know how the day goes in a battle. Deploy—if you can find space for it—lie down, fire, march here, retire yonder; keep at it one way or another, till all your muscles tremble, and your face is black, and you wonder whether you'll ever get a bite to eat again.

The cricks and crannies of the mountain were as full of Johnnies as a hive is of bees; and while the men who had fought at Lookout led the assault, the rebs hurled down rocks which plunged through the forest, crashing among trees, and breaking into our lines as we scattered to the right and left.

- 'As fast as we gained a landing, a storm of canister from a covered intrenchment above, came pouring upon us, till at last it seemed of no use to push on for we should be all dead men before the top could be reached. But when rifles had done their utmost, brains took up the work, and accomplished it. Sherman's orders came for us to march eastward, southward, and elsewhere; one detachment was sent to menace Dalton, the rest of us passed through Snake Creek Gap, and behold, Johnston couldnt keep his rifle-pits at the Roost any longer; he was 'flanked,' out of them, and must retreat to save himself from destruction. While we were marching, the strictest silence was commanded, in order to keep the movement secret till it was accomplished. McPherson's men led the van. An aid of one of the Generals, meeting a group of stragglers plodding along, asked them several questions, to all of which, they gave evasive answers. Finally he asked what Corps they belonged to. 'Corps is it?' returned an Irishman; 'Sure an we belong to Fighten Billy's army. Ye's heard o' him 'in faith.' But what Corps do you belong to?' repeated the aid; 'Cap, dear, 'tis too

wet to tell ye's, bad luck to the rain, to be drinchin a fine officer like yersel'; an' we in such a hurry to get up afore nightfall. Come along, Hugh, we must be movin', an' a good-day to the fine Captain yonder.' That was all the Aid could get from them. 'But why didn't Johnston stay and give further battle at Buzzard's Roost?' I asked.

'How could he, when we were in flank and rear, threatening his communications, and free to cut him off without another day's rations. No, he did the wisest, really the only thing he could do—abandon his post, and guard his roads, some of which were the work of his own men. Their defences have been well built, and their fighting has been steady enough. We must give them credit for it; Johnston too, is shrewd and cautious as a fox, but our Sherman, according to my notion, is the greater of the two—one of the greatest men in any army; and thus far he has managed the campaign much according to his own liking. Howard followed sharp on the pursuit through Dalton to Resaca, and there if the country hadn't been all up and down hill, we might have vanquished Johnston in a decisive battle. But there isn't smooth ground enough up there to stretch a fly tent on, and day after day we were scrambling over crags, ravines, gullies, and fording rivers. We had a good chance at them though by the Oostenaula, for when the rebel General sallied from Resaca, 'Fighting Joe,' and Schofield drove his men from the hills, and

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took most of his guns. That was the first great battle of the campaign; our Kilpatrick fell upon their cavalry.' I had heard nothing of Kilpatrick since he returned from his raid toward Richmond, when he boldly attempted the rescue of our poor boys in the Libby. 'He was wounded in the fray,' continued the Sergeant 'and he has been compelled to leave the command, but he'll be sure to return if he gets well. He has worried the rebel troopers almost out of their saddles, though they are a larger force than his, and their General, Wheeler, is a 'great gun,' among the Confederates. We drove them hard, there by the river, and ever since we've had the consciousness of triumph on our side, while they can't forget that their mettle yielded to ours. We fought for hours before one of their works, and once as a line was falling back to reform, the rebs thinking we had given up the job, raised their yell, which so enraged an Illinois color-bearer, that he strode back with the flag, and springing to the embrasures, waved it in their faces. He fell in an instant, and the men who ran to seize the banner dropped one after another. However, when help came, we went back and carried the works, and when we leaped within them, there lay greyback and Federal blue together, moaning with pain, some begging for a bayonet thrust to end their sufferings, some lying with fixed eyes staring at the sky, whither their souls had fled. There were heads battered to shapeless

lumps beside faces that looked asleep. A body without a head clung to the wheel of a gun-carriage, and another cleft almost in twain lay beside it—the price we have to pay as you know, for Confederate cannon. At night when the whip-poor-will's cry mingled with the groans of the wounded, a few of us were detailed to go out and relieve them, Confederates and all. Searching along in the dark, I found the corpse of a rebel, guarded by one of our own Kentuckians, a large powerful man who was weeping like a woman. I asked why he wept for a foe, when so many of his own comrades were lying dead around him. 'Because this man was my friend,' he replied—'the best one I had. I loved him with all my heart. But he killed my brother, there,' pointing to a dead man clothed in Union Blue; 'he was face to face with me in the hottest of the battle, and I had to kill him—I killed him,' he moaned. Much as he lamented his friend, he evidently thought that it was needful and right to kill him.'

'I may mention in passing, that as a rule, those who are longest in the service, are the most generous to their foes. Raw troops will not cease to mock and jeer at the rebels; even at those who are wounded, but veterans who mow down their scores in the field, will share their last crust or drink with a disabled enemy.'

'Well, but Resaca is forty or fifty miles from here' said I. "How have you managed to push the

rebel army over all this tract of ground, and keep yourselves so well?’

‘When we couldn’t take the fortifications, we’ve gone round them. The Great Flanker has managed the whole journey; but it has been a running fight all the way through, for the enemy, when we didn’t assault, kept a sharp look out, and gave us no ground, without drawing blood for it. They have kept their line of supplies open too, a task which has required great ability and large forces. As for us, we’ve kept our single railroad open, and we’ve left garrisons at every station that we’ve taken. I guess Sherman wasn’t sorry to see your Corps for its plain enough to any private, that without re-inforcements, we couldn’t go a great way further into the Confederacy.’

“The rank and file don’t look very anxious or disconsolate,” I said. “I should think you boys were out on an excursion for pleasure, from the high spirits you all discover. In all my campaigns, I never fell in before with such a jolly, strong-hearted set of men.”

“Yes, that’s a fact,” replied the Sergeant; ‘the boys are hearty and cheery to a man. We believe you see, that we’re giving the last stroke to the Rebellion, that we are ‘conquering a peace,’ speedily; that this march is only a roundabout way of marching home. We’ve no reason to be down-hearted. And what has struck me as rather singular, the further we get into this miserable Confed-

eracy, the more pluck one sees among the ranks. Some of them aren't afraid to do anything I believe. Like old Martin Luther, they'd have a fling at the devil himself if he should show himself anywhere in these forests. I could show you many a man who has had adventures as perilous as the Indianan yonder, who, when we lay by the Oostenaula, swam across it at night, pushed through the picket line, and climbed the guarded rampart, all for the sake of clutching a flag he had seen waving there, and which he brought back in triumph.

There are three men of our 23rd, who went on a foray, and bivouacked in a farm-house, where they were suprised at midnight by a company of rebel troopers, numerous enough to fill the yard. One of the Johnnies thought he could 'nab' our boys without ado; so he gently opened the door, and was as quickly run through with a bayonet. The three men chose such safe positions as they could, and when a volley was sent in the windows, they sent another back; taking care to change their posts after firing, in order to avoid the return shots. The troopers lost several of their number, and enraged at their luck, set fire to the house, which was an old one and burnt like a haystack. Our Yankees stood their ground, fighting troopers and flames at once, till they were 'relieved' by a squad of Stoneman's cavalry who happened to be riding down the road: these attacked the rebels in the rear and sent them flying. But nothing save the mercy of God,

and their own intrepid hearts, kept the Yankees from death in that encounter.'

'While the main body went on southward,' continued the sergeant, after throwing some logs on the camp-fire, 'Jefferson Davis was sent toward Rome with his Division.'

"Jeff. Davis sent to Rome, eh? I wish he was, and that he'd stay there," exclaimed Roger, "They say the Romans haven't any more liberty than slaves now-h-days—I should think he'd enjoy himself in their country."

"He would be well received," said Mr. Warren, "for of all the European potentates the 'Holy Father' alone has openly recognized the Confederacy as a self-existing nation,—he is the only man who has been so incautious and unjust as to favor a revolt in support of slavery as opposed to a free government. Though the Pope is said to be infallible; though he is declared to be the vice-regent of God, and though it is also affirmed that he cannot err in thought word or deed,—yet we find him hostile to the great principles and the basis of our system of government; and he has, it seems, not even the good sense to perceive that a Protestant republic in the New World can never go back to the old orders and old oppressions of past

ages. But the General of whom Horace writes is a faithful son of the Republic, and the Rome which he entered, is a considerable town in Georgia."

Mrs. Warren continued the reading:

"He destroyed all the mills and foundries used in the Confederate service, together with the guns, and left a garrison to keep the place. Meantime, we crowded the rebels out of Adairsville, Kingston, their strong works at Cassville, and finally to the Etowah river. When we crossed it we entered the mountainous country, in which the enemy has all the advantage and we much toil with little gain. Johnston naturally made a stand at Allatoona—we couldn't drive him easily there, and with the mountains for his forts, he was not afraid of a siege. The programme was much the same as at Buzzard's Roost. Day after day passed in skirmishes, reconnoissances, cautious approaches along the earthworks which extended westward to Dallas twenty miles distant. We plunged into dark valleys, over ridges thick with underbrush, through vast forests, past hills scooped and grooved by tiers of rifle-pits. McPherson was at Dallas, where on the morning of the twenty-sixth of May Johnston opened the battle, but failed to dislodge him. All that day and the next the rebels spent in assaulting his lines, and at the last they gathered for one great sally upon Sweeney's Division. You've heard of Sweeney?"

‘The one-armed General that kept the greybacks out of the trenches at Stone River—yes, I heard of him there,’ I made answer; ‘we call him Bull-dog Sweeney—a rough name, but it gives a true idea of his way of holding on. You know if a bull-dog holds a beast by the ear, there’s no way of getting it loose. Either the ear or the dog’s head must come off before the creatures can be separated. Well, our Swcney and his men fight like that.’

‘They stood their gound as if they were spiked into it. The Johnnies came on right gallantly, but the Division was immovable, and remained so till the rebels were worn out, and what was left of them retired crest-fallen.

‘At the other end of the line, we of Howard’s Corps in our turn, had to deal with Cleburne, whom the greybacks call their ‘Stonewall Jackson of the West.’ His command is one of the finest in their army. When they advanced we reserved fire, and let them come as far as they would; then we let loose, till it seemed as if they must be melted by it. They served us after the same manner when we were sent forward—let us go unmolested up the hill, down the ravine, through the wood, but at the last moment, they let loose the iron from two masked guns, and the lead from a row of rifles; these soon chopped up our line, and when our ammunition was all gone, there was nothing to do but re-form and withdraw. Our Generals, Howard and Wood, noble gentlemen

that they are—stayed on the field all night, helping the wounded, and encouraging the troops by their presence; afterward when Johnston again fell back, and we held the trenches with none to dispute our right to them, there was such a wreck of battle, as took us many hours to clear away. Scores of our best men lay *inside* the trenches. Ramrods fired in the fury of the moment, remained stuck in the trees, and many of the trees themselves were cleft asunder by the scores of bullets that had pierced them. It has been, as you see, no holiday matter,—this marching into Georgia,' concluded the sergeant; but thus far, we've thrust the rebels from our front as the plow of the engine pushes the snow off its track. There are plenty of mountains ahead, and rifle pits enough to be carried or flanked; nevertheless, if you and I don't get a bead from the greybacks, we shall go marching through the streets of Atlanta before many days.'

And I believe my friend's prophecy is a true one. We are now halted at Big Shanty, more than a hundred miles from Chattanooga. The campaign has lasted through fifty days, but no one is weary, or discouraged, or disposed to grumble at severe discipline, or anything else. The General has just issued orders, one of which commands that all skulkers, shirkers, stragglers, without distinction of rank, are to be shot as enemies to their profession and country, and we are now waiting for the expected announcement that we must move on.

Before us, looming through the rain, are the sombre peaks of Kenesaw, towering above their neighbors, Pine and Lost Mountain. Those who are near the General, say that he is studying the 'situation,' abstracted, unheeding the activity and confusion of the life about him. If I do not have time to write again soon, I will surely send you word from Atlanta, or else my Colonel will explain my silence. I am not alarmed, God knows, at the thought of the misfortunes that may break into any day of a soldier's life; but I would like above all things to see our Flag flung to the breeze over Atlanta, as I saw it over Vicksburgh.

Faithfully yours,

HORACE.

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